

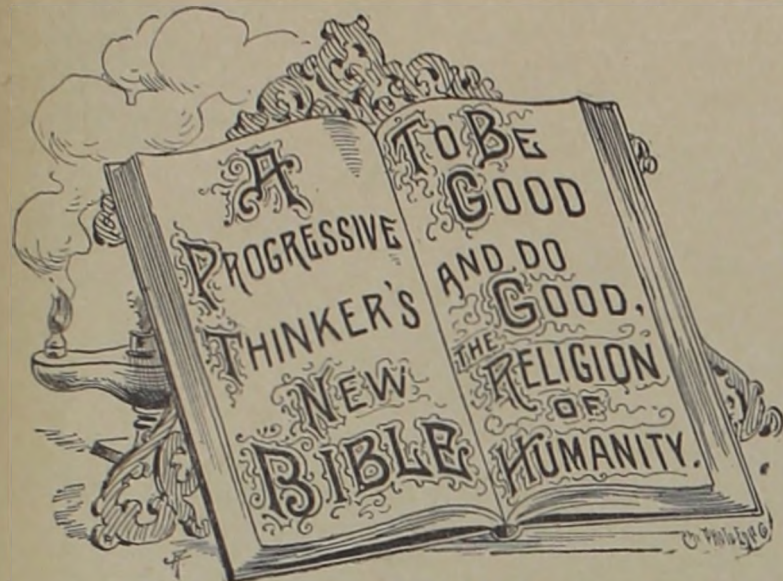
The Progressive Thinker

Progress, the Universal Law of Nature; Thought, the Solvent of Her Problems.

VOL. 5.

CHICAGO, OCTOBER 15, 1892.

NO. 151



OUR NEW BIBLE.
It Contains Divine Lessons.
THE OPERA AT SCUDDY
Never Too Late to Do a Good Act.

SWEET BRIDE OF MY HEART.

Sweet Bride of my Heart,
I walk with thee by day,
And when at night I dream,
Like morning's golden ray,
I feel thy soul's sun beam,
And earth seems orb'd anew
In Heaven's joyous sphere,
And all the world seems true
When thou art near.

Sweet Bride of my Heart,
Thy sacred presence fills
My life with one sweet thought,
And all my being thrills
With joys thy spirit brought
From off the starry sea,
Where fragrant winds gently bear
My lonely bark to thee
On wings of love-lit prayer.

Sweet Bride of my Heart,
When summer breathes a calm repose,
On mountain, vale and glen,
And love imprints upon the rose
Her sweetest kisses then,
My heart seeks solace from the world,
As in a tranquil stream
I see thy radiant face imparted
As pictures in a dream.

Sweet Bride of my Heart,
Sometimes amid the jars of life
I feel thy gentle touch,
Recalling me from its mad strife,
With words "I love thee true."
Then from thy plying eyes
A peaceful light descends,
I clasp thee with a sweet surprise,
And earth and heaven blends.

Sweet Bride of my Heart,
O, I would fain be near
Thy glorious land of light;
I build a rainbow with each tear
In sorrow's shadowy above
And scan thy bowers above
To breathe my brow of care,
Where all thy wealth of love
Is dew upon the air.

BISHOP A. BEALS.

AS YOU GO THROUGH LIFE.

Don't look for the flaws as you go through life;
And even when you find them,
It is wise and kind to be somewhat blind
And look for the virtue behind them.
For the cloudiest night has a tint of light
Somewhere in its shadows hiding;
It is better by far to look for a star,
Than the spots on the sun abliding.

The current of life runs ever away
To the bosom of God's great ocean;
Don't set your face 'gainst the river's course
And think to alter its motion.
Don't waste a curse on the universe—
Remember it lived before you;
Don't butt at the storm with your puny form,
But bend and let it go over you.

The world will never adjust itself
To suit your whims to the letter;
Some things go wrong your whole life long,
And the sooner you know it the better.
It is folly to fight with the infinite,
And go under at last in the wrestle;
The wiser man shapes into God's plan,
As water shapes into a vessel.

NEVER TOO LATE TO DO A GOOD ACT.

The little town of Scuddy, away out on the Kansas border, on the proposed line of the D., K. and N. railway, was enjoying a boom of no mean proportions. Strangers were arriving daily, improvements were going on at every hand, and the little trading post was fast taking upon itself metropolitan airs.

Its citizens were jealously proud of its advancements, and the personal safety of a man who would have dared to assert that the town was not booming would have been very liable to be endangered.

Badgerton was Scuddy's own rival, the only town in the side of its citizens. Badgerton did not exist except upon the map, they scornfully asserted, but for all that it occasionally made its presence felt.

The Scuddyites hailed with delight any opportunity to gain advantage over Badgerton, and were feverishly alert to secure anything that would boom Scuddy on towards prominence and discomfit its rival.

It was this spirit that caused Jack Bates to prevail upon the Acme Opera company to visit Scuddy. Jack had seen the company at one of the towns farther east and had learned that they intended to visit Badgerton and not Scuddy.

It was not much in the way of an opera company, and Jack did not admire operas, anyhow. But, as he expressed it, "he didn't keer two whoops in Halifax for operas now; he was plumb alive to the interests of Scuddy, and didn't propose that no one-hoss place like Badgerton should get the bulge on her."

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And Are Related in a Charming Manner.

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TO THE EDITOR:—I know of no more fitting time in which to execute my purpose of giving your readers a brief history of how I became interested in the phenomena of Spiritualism, than the present inexpressible weird, reflective season of the "sere and yellow leaf," when "the sound of dropping nuts is heard," and "the frost is on the pumpkin and the fodder in the shock," but which to me, thanks to these phenomena, are no longer the "melancholy days, the saddest of the year."

My interest in the subject was first awakened when about two years ago I was invited to be present at a test given by a lady from your city who was on a visit to a friend in this. With the exception of this lady and one or two others, the company assembled was composed of skeptics, ten to fifteen in number. We were not only skeptics, but scoffers, and were actually ashamed of our presence in the group even as investigators, so great was our contempt for the subject and our ridicule for all those who seemed to be sincerely interested in it.

Around a table upon which was placed a type-writing instrument and a music-box, we all took seats and joined hands; the lady medium sitting between the prominent gentlemen, with whose right and left hands respectively her right and left hands were in constant contact during the entire period occupied in the test. The keys of the type-writer were turned from or opposite to her, and a blank piece of paper or letter-head was duly adjusted to receive whatever might be written upon it.

The gas was now turned out and the room otherwise darkened. Instead of using the music-box the company was requested to sing, inasmuch as there were present several of Fort Wayne's noted vocalists. After several songs were sung the type-writer was heard to click, click, click very rapidly. It is doubtful whether an expert manipulator could have worked so rapidly and correctly in the broad light of day. In due time the writing ceased, when the paper containing it was folded audibly and placed between the fingers or in the left hand of the gentleman sitting at the lady's left. He arose, turned on the gas, and read the writing to the company. The message proved to be general in tenor, addressed to the company as a whole, and consisted chiefly in the assurance of a future existence and the immortality of the soul. Thus ended the first sitting.

The universal reply to our questions one to another, as to what was thought about it, was: "Well, I don't know what to think. It was very strange, to say the least."

Upon the following evening the test was again given, at another and distant locality in the city, and in the presence of probably eight or ten ladies and gentlemen who were not present on the previous evening. Upon this occasion it seemed for some time that the test would prove a failure, as it is said, it sometimes does. After a slight change was made in the sittings, however, the same, or a like result, was obtained as upon the former trial. The change referred to consisted in changing the seats of a lady and myself, removing us from the circle around directly up to the table supporting the type-writer, the keys of which were now directly in front of us, affording a splendid opportunity of detecting any other than their mysterious manipulation.

It is hardly necessary to say that this opportunity was improved by myself at least, having employed my left and free hand in feeling all over and in proximity to the keys while they were at work, but with negative results, so far as touching any human hand, or any other thing, save occasionally a key or two when getting too close to them. "I don't know what to think," was still the reply to the all-absorbing question for an explanation.

In the course of a day or two thereafter the orthodox church members that were present concluded that it would not do to let the matter pass unexplained, and accordingly assumed that the instrument was wound up for the occasion. This, or the more general one of "sleight-of-hand," "fraud, humbug, bosh," etc., constituted the only explanations given. About this time I was invited over to the house of another investigator, my neighbor, Mr. L. O. Hull, for the purpose of witnessing some table demonstrations in gaslight. The table was of ordinary size, oval top, and was quite active in response to questions, announcing names of deceased friends, and in giving voluntary messages by the aid of the letters of the alphabet, repeated by Mr. Hull. One rap, or a movement of the table, was interpreted as "no;" two as "I don't know," or "doubtful," and three as "yes."

I spent this entire evening watching the pedal extremities of those who surrounded the table, who, noticing my expression of you-can't-fool-me-kind of incredulity, took especial pains to remove their feet from the table.

I now determined to experiment in the privacy of my own home, and straightway began sittings with different members of my own family, using for the purpose a small sewing-table.

We sat evening after evening without the slightest result being obtained.

After about ten or twelve sittings we were finally rewarded with moderate responses, which have increased in force and intelligence amazingly up to the present. Frequently the force was so great that it was difficult to hold the table to the floor, the inclination being to float in space, upon several occasions actually reaching and striking against the ceiling. At one time was this the case to such a degree that we placed on top of the table our little boy Howard (six years old) when he was immediately carried to the ceiling. We then placed his brother Garrett (nine years old) upon it with the same result. Several members of the circle have sat upon it, with the result of being partially lifted and pushed off.

Upon another occasion four of us sat around our large extension, walnut dining-table, thinking it would be a much more difficult task for the hidden force to manipulate it. We had barely seated ourselves when one end of it (the end at which the little boy Garrett sat, who could not lift it) was lifted instantly at least three feet and slammed down violently upon the floor several times in quick succession, threatening the integrity of the castors, and making so much noise that we were obliged to desist and resort to the smaller table.

These table demonstrations began to grow somewhat monotonous, the interest in them being kept up only by the character of the messages they would ever and anon rap out. We have had raps that were heard all over the house and out on the street, and have received many communications, announcements, prophecies, reminders, etc., some of which being either untrue or incorrectly interpreted. The larger part of them by far, however, were found to be true, and in regard to some of them, time alone can establish their correctness.

Among the many (to me), very convincing and wonderful messages I have received by use of the table and the alphabet are the following:

1. About a year ago I lost a patient (Clara B.) of a complication of diseases, who had been all her life an invalid. She was fifteen years old, quite tall, and exceptionally matured for one of her age. With four brothers and a sister she was brought up in the Catholic church, of which her mother was a member. Her father was a member of no church, although raised a Lutheran. Her funeral services partook somewhat of the character of a combination of Romanism and Protestantism. Mass was said at the cathedral, from whence her remains were taken to Lindenwood (Protestant) cemetery, where Rev. Dr. Moffat, a near neighbor to the family, and pastor of the First Presbyterian church of Fort Wayne, offered prayer at the grave. Dr. Moffat, his daughter and myself, occupied a pew during mass at the cathedral, and the first carriage in the funeral procession.

Three or four months later, while sitting one evening at the table in company with my wife, Mr. L. O. Hull and his wife, the name of Clara B. was announced in the usual manner, Mr. Hull repeating the letters of the alphabet. Among many things spelled out on this occasion, we were informed or reminded of the persons present in her room when she passed away, who dressed her for the casket, how she was dressed, even entering into the minutest details. I asked the question what she had in her hand when she died, expecting her reply to be "crucifix," and when Mr. Hull had passed O in the alphabet I concluded this test would be a failure; but when he reached R, the table responded and in due time spelled out "rosary," which I found to be correct. Not being a Catholic myself, I did not know the difference between a rosary and a crucifix. I supposed it was the latter she had in her hand when she passed over, at which time I was present in company with the priest, Rev. Father Quinlan, and her aunt, the family being in an adjoining room. At this sitting she reminded me playfully of the difficulty I always had in getting her to take her medicine, or of the many fights I had with her on this account. She referred to the fact that Dr. Moffat, his daughter Mary and myself occupied the foremost carriage in her funeral procession, spelling it all out by the alphabet, repeated by Mr. Hull, who was perfectly ignorant of the facts he was thus eliciting. Finally I asked: "Clara, is this really you, have you not some message for your mother?"

Answer:—Tell her I am with her all the time.

Question:—But have you not some test you can give her that we know nothing about, that will satisfy her that this message is really from her Clara?

Answer:—Tell her of the time she tried to ride my bicycle, and the fun we had with her.

This was the climax of the evening. It was enough. A more satisfactory test we could not have asked for. Not one of the circle knew anything about it, or ever dreamed of any such thing as "bicycle" being spelled out or even indirectly referred to. I was anxious to visit her mother at once, in order to confirm the truth or falsity of the test, but thought it would be better to wait until I was called professionally, which was fortunately the case on the following evening. On the occasion of this visit I found Mr. B. suffering from an attack of rheumatism. After prescribing for him I engaged in general conversation with Mrs. B., finally getting on to the subject of bicycles, when I asked her if she had ever endeavored to ride one.

"The idea of a woman of my age riding a bicycle. Why, what do you take me for?" She was about to say something else when she was interrupted by her ten-year-old boy (Murray) as follows: "Why, yes, mamma, don't you know when you tried to ride Clara's bicycle and you had all the neighbors out laughing at you, and you tore your dress all down in front?"

"Now, listen to that," said Mrs. B., "he's given it all away," and she acknowledged it all. It is hardly necessary for me to add that I went home that evening more than ever convinced of a future existence.

We received a number of subsequent messages from the same source. On one occasion I asked for some test that she was yet conversant with what was going on at her home, and the reply was that her mother had given me her (Clara's) picture in frame for a Christmas present, all of which was true.

2. On another occasion, while the same parties were sitting at the table, the name of Meredith was spelled out. I asked for the first name, when the letters Y. B. were given, the whole forming the correct name of Elder Meredith, who about eight or ten years ago was presiding elder of the Fort Wayne M. E. church. I was intimately acquainted with him; we had many interesting conversations. I said: "Now, if this is really you, Elder, please give me some test or reminder that will satisfy me that you are truly here."

Immediately the table spelled out "Point Prominence," Mr. L. O. Hull repeating the letters of the alphabet as usual. There was present on this occasion Mrs. J. H. Wilder, to whom, as well as to Mr. Hull and his wife, the words "Point Prominence" had no significance whatever; but to myself and wife they were full of meaning. I arose from the table and going to the book-case, took therefrom a little book and threw it down on the table. Mr. Hull picked it up, and announced its title as being that of "Point Prominence," and his amazement at the test. This test was given, as were many others, in gaslight. Rev. Meredith was the author of the book (a Methodist story), of whom I had purchased a copy long before it had been issued from the press. He died of consumption about two or three years ago. I may add that neither my wife nor myself were thinking of the title of his book when I asked for a test.

3. At another sitting, in broad daylight, the name of Robert D. C. H. was spelled, my wife and I only sitting at the table. I asked for the names of a few of those who constituted our crowd, or club, or class when he passed over some twenty-eight years ago. There were immediately spelled out correctly the names of four or five of the girls and boys. We had all been girls and boys together.

4. Upon another occasion, when wife and I only were sitting, the name of Charles Williams (a cousin of mine) was spelled out. Among other things asked him was the question as to how he came by his death. The reply came: "I fell from a balloon, which ascended from a garden in San Francisco," which was true. He was a brother of H. L. Williams, now publisher of the *Summerland*, at Santa Barbara.

5. At another sitting, the name of Howard McCullough was spelled, Mr. Hull repeating the letters. Howard was a physician, a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania. I asked for a test when all that was received was the word "b-o-o-k." To my wife and I this was sufficient, but to all the rest of the circle it meant nothing. A few months before his death, at my request, he examined a patient of mine who had sued the Nickel Plate Railway Co. for damages received while in the employ of that road. After the examination I told him I had a new book upon this class of cases, by Prof. S. V. Clevenger, of Chicago. He said he would like to consult it, and I told him to drive around to my house and ask my wife for it. He did so, placing the book on the seat beside him, and drove to the western part of the city to see a patient. On the way the book was jolted off the seat and lost. When he discovered that the book could not be found he informed me of the fact, and that he had sent to Chicago for a new copy. Before his copy arrived mine was found by a boy in the street, and given to a policeman, who brought it to me. This, briefly, is the history of the "b-o-o-k," which was given me as a test, and which in one short word of four letters spoke volumes to myself and wife.

Mrs. J. H. Wilder was also present at this sitting, and asked for a test from Dr. McCullough. It appears that a few months before, the Doctor was making fun of Spiritualism at the same house to which he was driving, I think, when he lost the book. At any rate, Mrs. Wilder had heard of the ridicule he was making of these phenomena, from the lady whom he had been addressing. Mrs. Wilder asked the Doctor the name of this lady, when the table promptly spelled out the name correctly.

I could furnish many such tests, some of which are of a nature that will not admit of publication. Not long ago, to my wife and I, the table spelled out the name of Mason. I asked for the first name, when it promptly spelled out the name Dick. He was a patient of mine, who died eight or ten years ago, with consumption. I asked for a test, and he reminded me of a time when he piloted my wife and I around Cincinnati, while in that city on a visit, at which time we met him. He also reminded me of the post mortem examinations I had made of a brother and sister who had also died of quick consumption, and which he witnessed, knowing full well that he would soon follow them. He also reminded me of the priest who prepared him for his final departure, whom I had met frequently at his bedside.

One evening, while sitting with wife and two sons, in company with seven or eight additional persons, in a distant

part of the city, we were told impressively several times by the table, to go home, because one of the children was sick, or that there was sickness at home. Having left but two children at home with the girl when we left the house, and they being in the very best of health at the time, we paid no attention to the urgent and repeated demands of the table, and remained until the evening was spent and the entire company had departed, having entirely forgotten the admonition. Upon arriving home at about 11 o'clock in the evening, we found our youngest child very ill with the croup, in charge of the girl of the house, who was very much alarmed about him.

In the course of time our table began to move without any contact whatever, walking off as if of flesh and blood, sometimes turning end over end.

Upon one occasion my eldest daughter, who was very much opposed to my meddling with these tests, more especially to my allowing the little boys to sit at the table, because of the excitement it would produce in them, and the tales they would be very apt to tell out of school in consequence, came down where we were sitting, to take the boys away from us; whereupon the table forcibly broke loose from us and actually chased her upstairs, going as far as the foot of the stairs, at least a distance of six or eight feet from where we were sitting.

At another time, at the residence of Mr. Hull, while sitting at the table, he requested to be reminded of something he had done that day, when immediately the table spelled out: "Paid a note," which Mr. Hull said was too true, it being a note he had taken from a debtor and had discounted in the bank. The request was then made that I be reminded of something that had recently occurred, in which I was interested, when it promptly spelled out: "Post mortem examination of Mr. Miller, buried ninety days." Mr. Miller had been buried exactly ninety days when the post mortem examination was made by the side of his grave, on account of some litigation in regard to his life insurance. My friend, Dr. McCullough, already referred to, was present, and participated in that examination. The number of physicians present was rapped out and the site of the first incision spelled out correctly.

At times the tables will imitate laughing and greetings, get up into our laps, etc. Frequently, when singing or mentally humming a tune, correct time will be kept by the pounding of the table on the floor.

At another time the name of a deceased sister was spelled out when for the first time her son sat with us at the table, a young man, then about twenty-three years of age. It was to him and the rest of us an impressive scene. The table got up on his lap and went through a peculiar swinging motion, from shoulder to shoulder. Although it was his first experience and he had always ridiculed the idea of any such phenomena, he broke down completely, saying that he was certain this was his mother. At this moment the table spelled out: "Darwin, I was with you only the other day when you were looking over all my old dresses, jewelry and keepsakes." This proved to be the climax, for he had been looking over all his mother's belongings but a day or two prior.

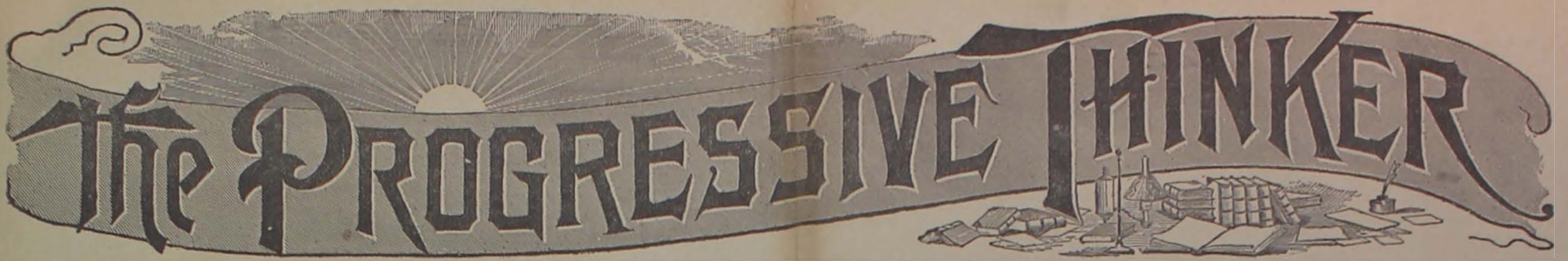
Upon another occasion a new test was tried, at the residence of Mr. L. O. Hull. The table was fastened to a staple driven into the floor, by means of a scale—a hand scale capable of weighing fifty pounds, the scale being made self-registering. At our requests the table would exert a force sufficient to indicate the number of pounds required. For instance, if we asked it to exert a six-pound force, it would pull the register to the six-pound mark, and so on, throughout the entire scale. This test was repeated on several subsequent occasions, with a scale capable of weighing one hundred pounds, when the register was lifted to the full limit immediately by request. One of the ladies present asked it to lift twenty-five pounds, which was immediately accomplished.

At another time we received quite different manifestations, which were several times repeated, to quite a large circle, or rather semi-circle, which sat with hands disengaged a considerable distance away from, not surrounding the table. The table was placed against the wall, between two windows, and on it rested two tin trumpets. The room was darkened, as much as it was possible to make it, and in the course of a few minutes rapping on the trumpets, as with a key, was distinctly heard, then pounding of them upon the table, then rolling of them all over it; then could be distinctly heard their tapping against the ceiling, and very perceptibly felt their gentle touches upon our heads, cheeks, hands, shoulders, etc., and last, but not least, we were actually addressed through them, in plain, articulate language.

Upon several of these occasions the most peculiar, phosphorescent-like lights, the size of a man's hand, would play upon the ceiling and wall, coming and going, reminding one of the reflections of a hand mirror on the wall from the light of the sun. These trumpet manifestations, strange as it may appear, occurred to a few of us subsequently, who were simply investigators, without the aid of any professional medium. For some unaccountable reason, however, we have not been able to get them lately.

While visiting Cassadaga last year we were treated to some very wonderful and satisfactory trumpet seances. In Mrs. Seery's presence Mr. Hull was addressed.

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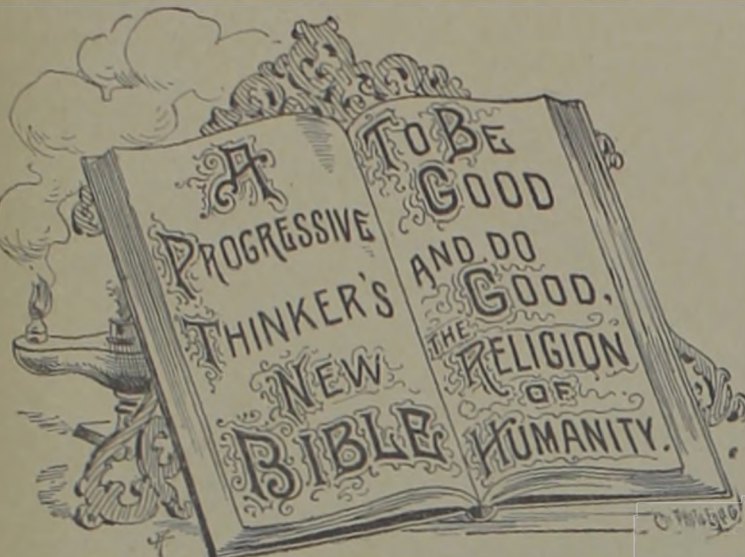


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And when at night I dream,
Like morning's golden spray
I feel thy soul's sun beam,
And earth seems dried away
In Heaven's joyous sphere,
And all the world seems true
When thou art near.

Sweet Bride of my Heart,
Thy sacred presence fills
My life with one sweet thought,
And all my being thrills
With joys thy spirit brought
From off the starry hills,
Where fragrant winds gently bear
My lonely bark to thee
On wings of love-lit prayer.

Sweet Bride of my Heart,
When summer breathes a calm repose,
On mountain, vale and glen,
And love imprints upon the rose
Her sweetest kisses then,
My heart seeks solace from the world,
As in a tranquil stream
I see thy radiant face imparted
As pictures in a dream.

Sweet Bride of my Heart,
Sometimes amid the jars of life
I feel thy gentle touch,
Recalling me from its mad strife,
With words "I love thee much."
Then from thy loving eyes
A peaceful light descends;
I clasp thee with a sweet surprise,
And earth and heaven blends.

Sweet Bride of my Heart,
O, I wouldst fain be near
Thy glorious land of light;
I build a rainbow with each tear
In sorrow's shadowy night,
And seek thy bowers above
To breathe my love of care,
Where all thy wealth of love
Is dew upon the air.

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AS YOU GO THROUGH LIFE.

Don't look for the flaws as you go through life;
And even when you find them,
It is wise and kind to be somewhat blind
And look for the virtue behind them.
For the cloudiest night has a hint of light
Somewhere in its shadows hiding;
It is better by far to look for a star,
Than the spots on the sun abiding.

The current of life runs ever away
To the bosom of God's great ocean;
Don't set your force against the river's course
And think to alter its motion.
Don't waste a curse on the universe—
Remember it lived before you;
Don't butt at the storm with your puny form,
But bend and let it go over you.
The world will never adjust itself
To suit your whims to the letter;
Some things go wrong your whole life long,
And the sooner you know it the better.
It is folly to fight with the indolite,
And go under at last in the wrestle;
The wiser man shapes into God's plan,
As water shapes into a vessel.

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Its citizens were jealously proud of its advancements, and the personal safety of a man who would have dared to assert that the town was not booming would have been very liable to be endangered. Badgeron was Scuddy's own rival, the only thorn in the side of its citizens. Badgeron did not exist except upon the map, they scornfully asserted, but for all that it occasionally made its presence felt.

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Around a table upon which was placed a type-writing instrument and a music-box, we all took seats and joined hands; the lady medium sitting between the prominent gentlemen, with whose right and left hands respectively her right and left hands were in constant contact during the entire period occupied in the test. The keys of the type-writer were turned from or opposite to her, and a blank piece of paper or letter-head was duly adjusted to receive whatever might be written upon it.

The gas was now turned out and the room otherwise darkened. Instead of using the music-box the company was requested to sing, inasmuch as there were present several of Fort Wayne's noted vocalists. After several songs were sung the type-writer was heard to click, click, click very rapidly. It is doubtful whether an expert manipulator could have worked so rapidly and correctly in the broad light of day. In due time the writing ceased, when the paper containing it was folded audibly and placed between the fingers or in the left hand of the gentleman sitting at the lady's left. He arose, turned on the gas, and read the writing to the company. The message proved to be general in tenor, addressed to the company as a whole, and consisted chiefly in the assurance of a future existence and the immortality of the soul. Thus ended the first sitting. The universal reply to our questions one to another, as to what was thought about it, was: "Well, I don't know what to think. It was very strange, to say the least."

Upon the following evening the test was again given, at another and distant locality in the city, and in the presence of probably eight or ten ladies and gentlemen who were not present on the previous evening. Upon this occasion it seemed for some time that the test would prove a failure, as, it is said, it sometimes does. After a slight change was made in the sittings, however, the same, or a like result, was obtained as upon the former trial. The change referred to consisted in changing the seats of a lady and myself, removing us from the circle around directly up to the table supporting the type-writer, the keys of which were now directly in front of us, affording a splendid opportunity of detecting any other than their mysterious manipulation.

It hardly necessary to say that this opportunity was improved by myself at least, having employed my left and free hand in feeling all over and in proximity to the keys while they were at work, but with negative results, so far as touching any human hand, or any other thing, save occasionally a key or two when getting too close to them. "I don't know what to think," was still the reply to the all-absorbing question for an explanation.

In the course of a day or two thereafter the orthodox church members that were present concluded that it would not do to let the matter pass unexplained, and accordingly assumed that the instrument was wound up for the occasion. This, or the more general one of "slight-of-hand," "fraud, humbug, bosh," etc., constituted the only explanations given. About this time I was invited over to the house of another investigator, my neighbor, Mr. L. O. Hull, for the purpose of witnessing some table demonstrations in daylight.

The table was of ordinary size, oval top, and was quite active in response to questions, announcing names of deceased friends, and in giving voluntary messages by the aid of the letters of the alphabet, repeated by Mr. Hull. One rap, or a movement of the table, was interpreted as "no," two as "I don't know," or "doubtful," and three as "yes."

I spent this entire evening watching the pedal extremities of those who surrounded the table, who, noticing my expression of you-can't-fool-me-kind of incredulity, took especial pains to remove their feet from the table. I now determined to experiment in the privacy of my own home, and straightway began sittings with different members of my own family, using for the purpose a small sewing-table.

We sat evening after evening without the slightest result being obtained.

After about ten or twelve sittings we were finally rewarded with moderate responses, which have increased in force and intelligence amazingly up to the present. Frequently the force was so great that it was difficult to hold the table to the floor, the inclination being to float in space, upon several occasions actually reaching and striking against the ceiling. At one time was this the case to such a degree that we placed on top of the table our little boy Howard (six years old) when he was immediately carried to the ceiling. We then placed his brother Garrett (nine years old) upon it with the same result. Several members of the circle have sat upon it, with the result of being partially lifted and pushed off.

Upon another occasion four of us sat around our large extension, walnut dining-table, thinking it would be a much more difficult task for the hidden force to manipulate it. We had barely seated ourselves when one end of it (the end at which the little boy Garrett sat, who could not lift it) was lifted instantly at least three feet and slammed down violently upon the floor several times in quick succession, threatening the integrity of the castors, and making so much noise that we were obliged to desist and resort to the smaller table.

These table demonstrations began to grow somewhat monotonous, the interest in them being kept up only by the character of the messages they would ever and anon rap out. We have had raps that were heard all over the house and out on the street, and have received many communications, announcements, prophecies, reminders, etc., some of which being either untrue or incorrectly interpreted. The larger part of them by far, however, were found to be true, and in regard to some of them, time alone can establish their correctness.

Among the many (to me), very convincing and wonderful messages I have received by use of the table and the alphabet are the following:

1. About a year ago I lost a patient (Clara B.) of a complication of diseases, who had been all her life an invalid. She was fifteen years old, quite tall, and exceptionally matured for one of her age. With four brothers and a sister she was brought up in the Catholic church, of which her mother was a member. Her father was a member of no church, although raised a Lutheran. Her funeral services partook somewhat of the character of a combination of Romanism and Protestantism. Mass was said at the cathedral, from whence her remains were taken to Lindwood (Protestant) cemetery, where Rev. Dr. Moffatt, a near neighbor to the family, and pastor of the First Presbyterian church of Fort Wayne, offered prayer at the grave. Dr. Moffatt, his daughter and myself, occupied a pew during mass at the cathedral, and the first carriage in the funeral procession.

Three or four months later, while sitting one evening at the table in company with my wife, Mr. L. O. Hull and his wife, the name of Clara B. was announced in the usual manner, Mr. Hull repeating the letters of the alphabet.

Among many things spelled out on this occasion, we were informed or reminded of the persons present in her room when she passed away, who dressed her for the casket, how she was dressed, even entering into the minutest details. I asked the question what she had in her hand when she died, expecting her reply to be "crucifix," and when Mr. Hull had passed C in the alphabet I concluded this test would be a failure; but when he reached R, the table responded and in due time spelled out "rosary," which I found to be correct. Not being a Catholic myself, I did not know the difference between a rosary and a crucifix. I supposed it was the latter she had in her hand when she passed away, at which time I was present in company with the priest, Rev. Father Quinlan, and her aunt, the family being in an adjoining room. At this sitting she reminded me playfully of the difficulty I always had in getting her to take her medicine, or of the many fights I had with her on this account. She referred to the fact that Dr. Moffatt, his daughter Mary and myself occupied the foremost carriage in her funeral procession, spelling it all out by the alphabet, repeated by Mr. Hull, who was perfectly ignorant of the facts he was thus eliciting. Finally I asked: "Clara, if this is really you, have you not some message for your mother?"

Answer:—Tell her I am with her all the time.

Question:—But have you not some question you can give her that we know nothing about, that will satisfy her that this message is really from her Clara?

Answer:—Tell her of the time she tried to ride my bicycle, and the fun we had with her.

This was the climax of the evening. It was enough. A more satisfactory test we could not have asked for. Not one of the circle knew anything about it, or ever dreamed of any such thing as "bicycle" being spelled out or even indirectly referred to. I was anxious to visit her mother at once, in order to confirm the truth or falsity of the test, but thought it would be better to wait until I was called professionally, which was fortunately the case on the following evening.

On the occasion of this visit I found Mr. B. suffering from an attack of rheumatism. After prescribing for him I engaged in general conversation with Mrs. B., finally getting on to the subject of bicycles, when I asked her if she had ever endeavored to ride one.

"The idea of a woman of my age riding a bicycle. Why, what do you take me for?" She was about to say something else when she was interrupted by her ten-year-old boy (Murray) as follows: "Why, yes, mamma, don't you know when you tried to ride Clara's bicycle and you had all the neighbors out laughing at you, and you tore your dress all down in front?"

"Now, listen to that," said Mrs. B., "he's given it all away," and she acknowledged it all. It is hardly necessary for me to add that I went home that evening more than ever convinced of a future existence.

We received a number of subsequent messages from the same source. On one occasion I asked for some test that she was yet conversant with what was going on at her home, and the reply was that her mother had given her (Clara's) picture in frame for a Christmas present, all of which was true.

2. On another occasion, while the same parties were sitting at the table, the name of Meredith was spelled out. I asked for the first name, when the letters Y. B. were given, the whole forming the correct name of Elder Meredith, who about eight or ten years ago was residing elder of the First Wesleyan M. E. church. I was intimately acquainted with him; we had many interesting conversations. I said: "Now, if this is really you, Elder, please give me some test or reminder that will satisfy me that you are truly here."

Immediately the table spelled out "Point Prominence," Mr. L. O. Hull repeating the letters of the alphabet as usual. There was present on this occasion Mrs. J. H. Wilder, to whom, as well as to Mr. Hull and his wife, the words "Point Prominence" had no significance whatever; but to myself and wife they were full of meaning. I arose from the table and going to the book-case, took therefrom a little book and threw it down on the table. Mr. Hull picked it up, and announced its title as being that of "Point Prominence," and his amazement at the test. This test was given, as were many others, in daylight. Rev. Meredith was the author of the book (a Methodist story), of whom I had purchased a copy long before it had been issued from the press. He died of consumption about two or three years ago. I may add that neither my wife nor myself were thinking of the title of his book when I asked for a test.

3. At another sitting, in broad daylight, the name of Robert D. C. H. was spelled, my wife and I only sitting at the table. I asked for the names of a few of those who constituted our crowd, or club, or class when he passed over some twenty-eight years ago. There were immediately spelled out correctly the names of four or five of the girls and boys. We had all been girls and boys together.

4. Upon another occasion, when wife and I only were sitting, the name of Charles Williams (a cousin of mine) was spelled out. Among other things asked him was the question as to how he came by his death. The reply came: "I fell from a balloon, which ascended from a garden in San Francisco," which was true. He was a brother of H. L. Williams, now publisher of the *Summerland*, at Santa Barbara.

5. At another sitting, the name of Howard McCullough was spelled, Mr. Hull repeating the letters. Howard was a physician, a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania. I asked for a test, when all that was received was the word "b-o-o-k." To my wife and I this was sufficient, but to all the rest of the circle it meant nothing. A few months before his death, at my request, he examined a patient of mine who had sued the Nickel Plate Railway Co. for damages received while in the employ of that road. After the examination I told him I had a new book upon this class of cases, by Prof. S. V. Cleveland, of Chicago. He said he would like to consult it, and I told him to drive around to my house and ask my wife for it. He did so, placing the book on the seat beside him, and drove to the western part of the city to see a patient. On the way the book was jolted off the seat and lost. When he discovered that the book could not be found he informed me of the fact, and that he had sent to Chicago for a new copy. Before his copy arrived mine was found by a boy in the street, and given to a policeman, who brought it to me. This, briefly, is the history of the "b-o-o-k," which was given me as a test, and which in one short word of four letters spoke volumes to myself and wife.

Mrs. J. H. Wilder was also present at this sitting, and asked for a test from Dr. McCullough. It appears that a few months before, the Doctor was making fun of Spiritualism at the same house to which he was driving, I think, when he lost the book. At any rate, Mrs. Wilder had heard of the ridicule he was making of these phenomena, from the lady whom he had been addressing. Mrs. Wilder asked the Doctor the name of this lady, when the table promptly spelled out the name correctly.

I could furnish many such tests, some of which are of a nature that will not admit of publication. Not long ago, to my wife and I, the table spelled out the name of Mason. I asked for the first name, when it promptly spelled out the name Dick. He was a patient of mine, who died eight or ten years ago, with consumption. I asked for a test, and he reminded me of a time when he piloted my wife and I around Cincinnati, while in that city on a visit, at which time we met him. He also reminded me of the post-mortem examinations I had made of a brother and sister who had also died of quick consumption, and which he witnessed, knowing full well that he would soon follow them. He also reminded me of the priest who prepared him for his final departure, whom I had met frequently at his bedside.

One evening, while sitting with wife and two sons, in company with seven or eight additional persons, in a distant

part of the city, we were told impressively several times by the table, to go home, because one of the children was sick, or that there was sickness at home. Having left but two children at home with the girl when we left the house, and they being in the very best of health at the time, we paid no attention to the urgent and repeated demands of the table, and remained until the evening was spent and the entire company had departed, having entirely forgotten the admonition. Upon arriving home at about 11 o'clock in the evening, we found our youngest child very ill with the croup, in charge of the girl of the house, who was very much alarmed about him.

In the course of time our table began to move without any contact whatever, walking off as if of flesh and blood, sometimes turning end over end.

Upon one occasion my eldest daughter, who was very much opposed to my meddling with these tests, more especially to my allowing the little boys to sit at the table, because of the excitement it would produce in them, and the tales they would be very apt to tell out of school in consequence, came down where we were sitting, to take the boys away from us; whereupon the table forcibly broke loose from us and actually chased her upstairs, going as far as the foot of the stairs, at least a distance of six or eight feet from where we were sitting.

At another time, at the residence of Mr. Hull, while sitting at the table, he requested to be reminded of something he had done that day, when immediately the table spelled out: "Paid a note," which Mr. Hull said was too true, it being a note he had taken from a debtor and had discounted in the bank. The request was then made that I be reminded of something that had recently occurred, in which I was interested, when it promptly spelled out: "Past mortem examination of Mr. Miller, buried ninety days." Mr. Miller had been buried exactly ninety days when the post-mortem examination was made by the side of his grave, on account of some litigation in regard to his life insurance. My friend, Dr. McCullough, already referred to, was present, and participated in that examination. The number of physicians present was rapped out and the site of the first incision spelled out correctly.

At times the tables will imitate laughing and greetings, get up into our laps, etc. Frequently, when singing or mentally humming a tune, correct time will be kept by the pounding of the table on the floor.

At another time the name of a deceased sister was spelled out when for the first time her son sat with us at the table, a young man, then about twenty-three years of age. It was to him and the rest of us an impressive scene. The table got up on his lap and went through a peculiar swinging motion, from shoulder to shoulder. Although it was his first experience and he had always ridiculed the idea of any such phenomena, he broke down completely, saying that he was certain this was his mother. At this moment the table spelled out: "Darwin, I was with you only the other day when you were looking over all my old dresses, jewelry and keepsakes." This proved to be the climax, for he had been looking over all his mother's belongings but a day or two prior.

Upon another occasion a new test was tried, at the residence of Mr. L. O. Hull. The table was fastened to a staple driven into the floor, by means of a scale—a hand scale capable of weighing fifty pounds, the scale being made self-registering. At our request the table would exert a force sufficient to indicate the number of pounds required. For instance, if we asked it to exert a six-pound force, it would pull the register to the six-pound mark, and so on, throughout the entire scale. This test was repeated on several subsequent occasions, with a scale capable of weighing one hundred pounds, when the required one hundred pounds, when the register was lifted to the full limit immediately by request. One of the ladies present asked it to lift twenty-five pounds, which was immediately accomplished.

At another time we received quite different manifestations, which were several times repeated, to quite a large circle, or rather semi-circle, which sat with hands disengaged a considerable distance away from, not surrounding the table. The table was placed against the wall, between two windows, and on it rested two tin trumpets. The room was darkened, as much as it was possible to make it, and in the course of a few minutes rapping on the trumpets, as with a key, was distinctly heard, then rapping of them upon the table, then rolling of them all over it; then could be distinctly heard their tapping against the ceiling, and very perceptibly felt their gentle touches upon our heads, cheeks, hands, shoulders, etc., and last, but not least, we were actually addressed through them, in plain, articulate language.

Upon several of these occasions the most peculiar phosphorescent-like lights, the size of a man's hand, would play upon the ceiling and wall, coming and going, reminding one of the reflections of a hand mirror on the wall from the light of the sun. These trumpet manifestations, strange as it may appear, occurred to a few of us subsequently, who were simply investigators, without the aid of any professional medium. For some unaccountable reason, however, we have not been able to get them lately.

While visiting Cassadaga last year we were treated to some very wonderful and satisfactory trumpet scenes. In Mrs. Seery's presence Mr. Hull was addressed (CONTINUED ON FIFTH PAGE.)

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SPIRIT LIFE.

A Conference with Spiritual Beings.

Written Through the Hand of an Eminent Ex-Judge.

[The series of papers we are about to publish were communicated from Spirit life in the precise form in which they are now presented to the public. They have not even been copied, and were all written out by the medium himself at the time of the communication. The dictation was made when the medium was under inspiration, and perfectly passive to the influence. He was fully conscious at the time, but like a faithful amanuensis recorded the facts, ideas and expressions of the controlling intelligence as if he had been writing under the direction of a mouth, so that he is quite sure the reports are in all respects substantially correct.]

The essays are from different spirits, but no names were given, for the reason that as they relate to morals and conduct of life they should be extended for their own merits alone, and not by the eclat of the source from which they emanate. To each essay is subjoined the individual experience of some other spirit since passing away from earth, and these latter are called *Testimonies*, and, except in rare instances, such as James Russell Lowell and Horace Greeley, these names were also withheld.

The picture thus presented of the higher life is of the most impressive character, and the descriptions of the sundry scenes, modes of life and occupation have a realistic air that cannot fail to deeply affect the spirit and aid it in its efforts to be worthy of that glorious abode.

Mediumship and Spirit-Form.

NUMBER TWO.

In regard to spirits visiting the earth there can now be no doubt in the minds of those who have given the subject any serious attention. The first influences that appeared were of a purely physical character, and served the purpose of calling attention to a new species of phenomena, and now the manifestations have assumed several other forms, but all of them quite consistent with the object in view; that is, to excite inquiry, to stimulate investigation, and call upon thinking and intelligent persons to look into a matter of such profound interest to all human beings.

The most intelligent men are often misled by spurious attempts at spirit communion, but the time is fast approaching when there will be no need of meeting this evil, for the communion will be so open and general that neither fraud nor mistake will occur.

When a spirit wishes to communicate with the earth for any purpose, there is a strong combination of spirit forces necessary. It is not always that this combination is on the spot when the influence is to be exerted. It may be at a great distance, but in any event it is exercised for the purpose of sending currents of spirit electricity to the medium who is controlled. It is like a battery, and sends forth immense waves of the fluid, so as to envelope the parties to the seance. When the sphere of spirit influence is thus formed, impressions are made and physical effects can be produced, such as rapping, tipping and lifting. You witness the effect of physical electricity on earth. Its speed and force are tremendous, but it is weak and tardy when compared with its spiritual development, and we are thus enabled to move bodies and produce sounds without any physical means that can be seen or understood by those present. The method of accomplishing these marvels is not of a character that can be more fully described or understood at present, but as we can state, in a general way, that it is all as natural as similar things on earth. It is not philosophical to call these manifestations supernatural, for they are according to law, like any phenomena you witness on earth, and they are only supernatural in the sense that they do not come under the same observations as the others; but they are all the effects of the laws which prevail in spirit life, and, therefore, on a far wider scale and a more extended theatre than the earth.

When a communication is to be made of a higher order, and great truths declared, or when messages of spiritual significance are to be spoken or written, the means employed are somewhat different. The spirit communicating is selected for this purpose, and is prepared for the work by those who have had experience, and can, therefore, teach how, without loss of time or strength, to influence a mortal to any work that may be desired. The preparation referred to is of an exceedingly refined character. The spirit communicating is taken, with several others of the same general character, on a visit to earth, in the first place, to practice upon any medium they can find till the art is acquired. Search is then made for some one to be used for the highest psychological expression, and the means of improving the mediumistic powers are sought for the most elevated views of spirit life. It is not always that we can find suitable instruments for this purpose, and remarks are often made upon the fact that the tone or merit of a communication is not equal to what the same person could do when on earth. But this is unavoidable. Indeed, the remark should, on the other hand, be made that the communication is generally far above the medium's normal capacity.

There are no means of determining the relative value of spiritual phenomena. Some phases present far greater proofs of immortality than others, but much depends upon the persons themselves. What appears of no account to some bears the strongest marks of infallibility to others. But it is to be observed that all are more or less indicative of spirit origin, and are more or less imbued with a strange and weird-like impression that is seldom found in more earthly works.

We now turn to the subject of spirit as an embodiment of form and substance. This is a point of deep interest to the religious mind, and of great importance to the philosophic thinker.

How can the soul, which is invisible and incorporeal, have a body? How can it have form and substance? The false ideas that have prevailed as to the nature of soul or spirit have so filled the mind as to make it almost impossible to comprehend how these qualities belong to a thing that can neither be seen nor felt, that has neither members nor

organization, and it is just here where the great mistake is made, for the soul or spirit has members and organization, and, consequently, a form and substance, otherwise it would be incapable of life or motion. Without a sense of touch it could not feel; without sight it could not see; without limbs it could not move; without organs of speech it could not speak; and without form it would neither have the comeliness of man nor angel, nor the attributes of individuality or self-consciousness. Indeed, it would have nothing by which it could enjoy or suffer; nor could it have the power of thanking God, or worshipping in his temple.

We are not constituted so as to appreciate or understand such a complete nonentity. We know, however, that this is not the condition of the spirit. It is formed upon the model of the body, and like the latter has every organ belonging to the man, and every sense that renders him the image of the Creator who made him.



Grand Temple, Order of the Magi.
1910 WASHINGTON BOULEVARD.

Since our last report at the close of the season's work in August, the cause has progressed with encouraging success in various quarters.

We opened a temple at the home of Brother A. J. Champion, near Lansing, Mich., and initiated a number of Court members to the first degree. We were prevented from working up to the third or fourth degrees, as intended, by the rapid advance of the hay-fever season, which came on some weeks earlier this year than usual, and obliged us to hasten our departure for the lake shore. We met many warm friends of the order at Brother Champion's hospitable residence, as well as at the Haslett Park Camp grounds near there.

FROM CALIFORNIA.

Reports from the Pacific Coast show a great and growing interest in the order throughout all that region. Brother W. S. Cheney has removed with his family from Sacramento to Los Angeles, where a Court was awaiting them, gotten up by Brother Raiford. Their charter was granted some weeks ago, and the meeting of organization elected the following officers:

COURT NUMBER FIFTEEN.

W. M., Dr. Wm. S. Cheney; W. W., B. M. Raiford; W. V., Clara M. Gordon; H. P., E. H. Grove; W. C., W. L. Hall; W. Sc., C. G. S. Cheney; W. T., Amanda M. Hall; W. St., T. A. James. Convocations each Wednesday evening. Scribe's address: C. G. S. Cheney, 139 South Grand avenue, Los Angeles, Cal. Visitors from other Courts and Temple cordially welcomed.

We have a goodly number of Court members in the "Angel City," and predict a grand work there in the future.

THE TEMPLE LECTURES.

Quite a number of persons who have purchased copies of my new book, "Temple Lectures," have since written for the bulletins and circulars mentioned therein. All such orders are recorded, and will be filled when those documents are published. We issue them about once a year. We are sorry to say that we have been unable to reach a large number of the original guarantee subscribers to my book; the long time having elapsed since they were sent to me results in many changes of address and location. We would request that those who wish to avail themselves of the low rate given to subscribers would send in their address at once, as the time will be out November 1st.

OPENING OF THE TEMPLE.

The opening of the Grand Temple for the season of 1892 and 1893 will take place on Sunday, the 16th day of October, at 3 P. M. Work in first degree only. All initiates are cordially invited; also those who wish for entrance to Libra.

Those who wish for advancement should file applications at as early a day as possible, so as to have their names entered in the advancing classes in time. Blanks furnished on application.

Court or Libra petitions sent on receipt of stamp; also O. O. M. paper.

OLNEY H. RICHMOND,
Chicago, Oct. 4th. G. M. of Temple.

The Cause at Cherryvale, Kan.

TO THE EDITOR:—There has been considerable interest in Spiritualism at Cherryvale, Kansas. Several developing circles are being held, and there seems to be a fair prospect of our being able to have several good mediums in our midst.

We were fortunate in securing for a short time Mr. Geo. D. Search, who has given in my parlor several very satisfactory seances, and has convinced quite a number of the fact of spirit communion. He has given general satisfaction. The best and most satisfactory evidences I have ever had were through the gift of independent slate-writing through Mr. Search. I have seen communications received for skeptics in broad sunlight; sometimes messages of over two hundred words in the handwriting of the one who was recognized; also have seen writing produced with the slates held by my wife clear away from Mr. Search's hands; also when placed under the medium's feet writing would be produced. Musical instruments have been carried and played upon in broad light; raps are heard all over the room.

This is a good field for missionary work, and a good, honest medium will be cordially welcomed, but as regards frauds I can assure them it is a rather rough place; in fact, if

such should come they will have cause to ever remember having visited Cherryvale. This section has been infested by a mountebank named "Baumont," who claims to expose Spiritualism, who, like all of his ilk, only exposes flimsy and threadbare tricks of third-class magicians, and has no more semblance to genuine manifestations than daylight has to darkness; but to poor, ignorant, priest-ridden people, who pay money into his empty pockets, it is a rare show. The time has come when we as Spiritualists must try persons who profess to have mediumistic powers before we endorse them. I only regret there are so few instruments developed in our cause through whom our loved ones can come.

A. J. APPELGATE, M. D.

HOMESTEAD.

The Lesson Derived Therefrom.

The *Inter Ocean* of Monday last says:

"The Homestead strike was thoroughly aired before the Trades Assembly yesterday, when four representatives of the locked-out men presented the grievances of the workmen. These men came to Chicago in pursuance of a resolution passed at a previous meeting of the assembly setting aside yesterday for the strikers to make an official statement of the situation at Homestead as it exists to-day."

One of the speakers said:

"In the past eighteen months our wages have been reduced five times. The sixth attempt led to a revolt."

"We might even have accepted the sixth reduction had it not been that the big corporation attempted to break up our association. Each reduction made in the last eighteen months was from 4 to 12 per cent. The newspapers have not stated the facts as they existed. It is not true that only a few high-priced men were affected by the reduction. The high-priced men were not the men alone who were aimed at. The wages of the high-priced men were not cut. The rollers' and iron-workers' wages were left intact, while the low-priced men's wages were cut 37 per cent. They tried to hoodwink us by making our wages depend upon the selling price of billets. Few billets were made at Homestead, that being left to other manufacturers. They were made by wholesale, and the market was overstocked. The price went down, and we who made structural beams, angles, plates, chandeliers and the like, which brought a big price, were asked to submit to a reduction because steel billets had gone down in price. We were near a compromise at one time, but Frick didn't want any compromise. He showed his true colors by asking us to agree to terms which we could not consent to without surrendering our manhood. We had to sign the scale as individuals, he said, and he would no longer recognize the Amalgamated Association. We would not consent. We determined to fight."

Mr. Flower, of the *Arena*, in an able editorial, declares that his championship of the people's cause, contrary to the will of his conservative advisers, has proved a success. He also gives accounts of other great magazines which are now, as never before, advocating the cause of the people as against the plutocracy.

He quotes Mr. E. D. Mead, editor of the *New England Magazine*, as saying that "Homestead would yet prove labor's Bunker Hill, and the temporary advantage of plutocracy will only more certainly ensnare its overthrow."

He gives a long extract from the *Cosmopolitan*, by J. B. Walker, one of its editors, which is fearless and to the point, and shows that the people's cause is coming to the front, and must eventually succeed. We would be glad, did your limits permit, to transfer all these extracts to your columns, as the subject is one with, and inseparable from, that in which advanced thinkers are engaged, and whether or not these great writers are sensible as we are of the fact that the Angel-world is back of this movement, makes very little difference; we feel towards them as brothers in the grand work of emancipation of the down-trodden millions from the tyranny of the few.

R. NEELEY.

F. A. Wiggin, at Watertown, N. Y.

TO THE EDITOR:—Mr. F. A. Wiggin completed his present engagement here September 25th. It is unanimously voted that no medium has ever been here who united in himself so many phases. He is an excellent clairvoyant and clairaudient medium. He obtains the "raps," and independent slate-writing. He also exhibits the ballot test to perfection. Last night he sent out a number of blank ballots, with instructions that on one-half of them should be written the name of some deceased person, and on the other half some person in this life. The ballots were gathered in a hat and mixed together. He had given instructions as to the folding, so as to have them all folded alike, and he then stood by the side of a table and took one ballot after another from the hat, and, without looking at it even, told whether the person whose name was written within was in this life or in the other, and in many instances gave spirit messages in connection with the ballots on which was written the name of some one who had passed away.

Toward the close of the meeting a communication was passed up to the medium, which he read but declined to read publicly, because of its complimentary nature. It was read thereupon by another, and proved to be an offer, signed by a responsible party, to contribute \$25 toward the expenses of the trustees of the temple would recall Mr. Wiggin for another month at the earliest practicable moment. Mr. White, vice-president of the society, thereupon stated that Mr. Wiggin had already been engaged for September, 1893, his earliest open date. The society sees the advantage of employing only the best talent, and will continue in the same course.

F. N. FRENCH.

If We Knew.

If I knew you and you knew me—
If both of us could clearly divine
And with an inner sight divine
The wishes of your heart and mine,
I'm sure that we would differ less
And clasp our hands in friendliness;
Our thoughts would happily agree
If I knew you and you knew me.

We make such sorry errors when
We try to read the lives of men,
For none can guess a hundredth part
Of things deep hidden in the heart;
A baby's coo, a woman's sigh,
Strange light that shines from loving eyes;
And hopes and fears and doubts we'd see
If I knew you and you knew me.

If I knew you and you knew me
As each one knows his own self, we
Could look each other in the face
And see therein a truer grace.
Life has so many hidden woes,
So many thorns for every rose!
Our minds of errors we should free
If I knew you and you knew me.

Prof. Lockwood in Portland, Ore.

TO THE EDITOR:—Thinking that perhaps a few lines from this far West would interest some of your readers as to the status of the spiritual philosophy in this locality, we undertake what to us is a new departure—that of letting our voice be heard through your live publication. The First Society of Spiritualists of this city has been awakened into new life from a seemingly dormant condition by the advent among us of Prof. W. M. Lockwood and wife, of Wisconsin. The Professor has been, and still is, lecturing for our society, and we are unable to find words in our limited vocabulary to fully express our appreciation of this new school of thought as presented by him. The lectures given by any one less methodical and logical than Prof. Lockwood, might fail to be comprehended by the average listener, but so clearly does he simplify and illustrate by object-lessons every point, that he rivets the attention of his audience.

"The Molecular Hypothesis of Nature," and the application of its principles to every department of physical and psychical science, as presented by him, formulates a course of the most instructive, inspiring and interesting lectures ever given in Portland. To hear them is to listen to a new unfoldment and application of natural principles to the truth of continuity of life, and particularly to the spiritual philosophy.

Mr. Lockwood begins his lecture course by illustrating in the simplest manner the scientific conception of a molecule, instructing that the nebulous matter of which the earth is composed, and which still envelops it, contains all of the elemental forces and energies of cosmos in molecular form, and that these elements combine, in accord with a principle of molecular rhythm, to promote all of the varying types of crystallization and form found in every department of cosmic structure, and that a formative principle peculiar to each pre-serves its individuality. In the realm of matter, so-called, he demonstrates how much more sensitive and subtle it is even in its lowest form than has hitherto been shown by our physicists. He illustrates this potential sensibility by demonstrating the principles of the telegraph, telephone, phonograph and photographic action as being not only the transmitters, but the repository as well, of nature's motions. Having laid down and demonstrated these underlying principles, he applies these inductive and deductive truths to biological life in its varying forms and species. Man being "bone of nature's bone, and flesh of her flesh," is the synthesis of molecular art in its application to nerve structure, hence his relation to his environment, as well as all his individual aspirations, find complete analysis in this hypothesis. Applying this key of molecular art in unlocking the secrets of physical nature, he further suggests and demonstrates, with the assistance of his wife, who is an excellent psychic, that the same principles connect us with the sphere of invisible intelligence; in other words, if molecular modes of motion connect what is commonly called psychical matter, the same truth applies with equal force to psychical science, since a structure, visible or invisible, is the premise of all cosmic motions. The Professor applies this hypothesis not only to molecular nature in general, but to telegraphy, telephonic, phonographic and photographic action, psychometry, psychology and pathology; also to the truth of continued life and the relation of life invisible to life visible. I have written thus particularly and at length that others wishing to secure instructors may hear of this grand work, because the application of this hypothesis to the facts and phenomena of Spiritualism makes a groundwork for our philosophy that invites the attention of the ripest scholarship of the day, and challenges their criticism. The Oriental superstitions, followed by the later advent of the Hebrew compilations of legends and Jewish emanations from the minds of drunken priests, in which an individual god was enthroned, and handed down to the citizens of the Western world as the creator, ruler infinite and eternal, are all completely evaporated, as it were; swept away and demolished by the unanswerable arguments presented by Prof. Lockwood. The large and enthusiastic audiences he has drawn here attest that the thinking mind of Portland is rising to a higher plane, and for this indication we rejoice. THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is on sale at our hall every Sunday, by W. E., 291 Alder street.

J. B. HENDEE.

The Evolution of The Devil. By Henry Frank. It contains 66 pages, divided into ten chapters, and is gotten up in the best style of pamphlet form. Price 25 cents. For sale at this office.

"Immortality," A Poem, in five cantos. "If a man die, shall he live?" is fully answered. By W. S. Barlow, author of *Voices*. Price 60 cents. For sale at this office.

"God in the Constitution." By Robert G. Ingersoll. One of the best papers Colonel Ingersoll ever wrote. In paper cover, with likeness of author. Price, 10 cents; twelve copies for \$1.00. For sale at this office.

Let Us Have Peace.

The spirit of inharmonious evidently travels like all other infections from East to West. I had hoped that Cassadaga, which has always been a camp of the utmost harmony, would escape the dreaded disease of inharmonious, but a lecture delivered with the best of intentions from that platform on the "Punch and Judy of Spiritualism" has brought out a vindictive article, which was published in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and has a tendency to stir up strife. It is to be hoped that the editor of that paper will not allow himself or his columns to be used as Punch and Judy puppets for any person to vent their personal spite through. The lecture was, perhaps, an imprudent one, as it might be, and evidently was, construed by some as a fling at the phenomena of Spiritualism, but on closer inspection it will be seen that it was only an attempt to arouse those who have for years been content with a rap or a tipping of the table to seek a higher plane, to try to elevate themselves above the grosser forms of Spiritualism. The lecture was in no sense a personal one; not a word was said that could be construed as such, and yet the reply alluded to above was evidently intended to gratify a personal spite against both the lecturer and Cassadaga Camp. Let us have peace!

W. J. INNIS.

[Don't be alarmed, Brother Innis. The word "inharmonious" is a very plastic one, and is stretched in a vivid style across the horizon when one person happens to differ with another. Brother Dennis had his say about the "Punch and Judy of Spiritualism," and so did Mrs. Jennie B. Hagan-Jackson, and both were sincere in their opinions. These little tilts tend to equalize the circulation, and keep the blood of Spiritualism warm. We don't want in our ranks the harmony that leads to stagnation. A difference of opinion must not be considered in the light of inharmonious. People do not and cannot think exactly alike on all things; that is not discord; that is not inharmonious, but is the legitimate outgrowth of one's make-up and environments, leading to viewing the same subject in a different light by various minds. There is never a unanimity on any measure in Congress; never was, and probably never will be. That does not constitute inharmonious, but is really a healthy condition which should please every American.]

Mr. Innis is extremely desirous of peace. Why, my good brother, I was not aware that any other condition but that of peace prevailed. A difference of opinion is no cause for alarm; on the contrary, it shows a healthy development. All the progress ever made in the religious world has arisen from a difference of opinion, and it is that alone which leads to advancement and growth when honestly entertained. No one, not even the editor of a Spiritualist paper, should set himself up as an autocrat, whose opinion is final; nor should a wide divergence of views always be set down as discord or inharmonious.—EDITOR.]

"The Popular Science Monthly" for October, 1892.

A valuable and pleasing number is *The Popular Science Monthly* for October. Dr. Henry Ling Taylor contributes the opening article, on "American Childhood from a Medical Standpoint," in which he points out the unwholesome mental and physical influences that surround American children, especially in cities. There is a timely article on "Specifics for the Cure of Inebriety," by Dr. T. D. Crothers, who tells what the signs are by which a great quackery may be distinguished. A notably interesting article is that on "The Evolution of Dancing," by Lee J. Vance, which is accompanied by ten spirited illustrations. In his *Lessons from the Census* Carroll D. Wright treats of "The Native and Foreign-born Population," a subject on which every citizen should be informed. William Simpson takes "Mud as a Building Material" for his subject, and with the aid of half a dozen pictures establishes a pretty strong claim for his client. In "Language and Brain Disease," Dr. H. T. Pershing shows how loss of speech from brain disease throws light upon the process of obtaining the mastery of a language. John Coleman Adams describes the grand work of Redfield, Espy, Hare, Loomis and other American meteorologists, under the title "A Chapter in Meteorological Discovery." Dr. R. W. Shufeldt has an attractive illustrated article entitled "A Comparative Study of Some Indian Homes." An able review of "Recent Science," by Prince Kropotkin, an illustrated account of a successful French experiment in the "Warming and Ventilating of Dwellings," and "A Sketch of Alexander Winchell," with portrait, complete the body of the magazine. In the Editor's Table, "The Claims of Science," as recently stated by Prof. Pearson, are vigorously emphasized, and some account is given of "The Rochester Meeting of the American Association." New York: D. Appleton & Company. Fifty cents a number, \$5 a year.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER always leads in the variety of its attractions. The story, by Hudson Tuttle, should be read by everybody. Remember, the paper is sent 13 weeks for 25 cents.

"Gleanings from the Rostrum," by A. B. French, is a most excellent work. It is full of gems of thought, and should be read by everyone. Price one dollar. For sale at this office.

"What Would Follow the Effacement of Christianity?" By George Jacob Holyoake. This is a most valuable contribution to Free thought literature. Bound in paper with good likeness of author. Price, 10 cents; twelve copies for \$1.00. For sale at this office.

TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

One day not long ago a friend called at my office for a short and friendly conversation. He resides at Mason City, ten miles distant. He is a good, well-meaning man, a member of an orthodox church, and is extremely devoted; but he hates Spiritualism as badly as I do tobacco. Said he: "Judge, I made up my mind to call on you and let you know what the Lord has done for us at Mason City during the past two weeks. What a grand revival of religion we have had there under the preaching of the Rev. Dr. Munhall, the great evangelist. At the close of the meeting, three hundred persons signed a card stating that they were converted under his preaching, and were now on the Lord's side, ready to wage war on the devil and his angels. The amount collected at the close of the meeting was five hundred dollars; out of which we paid Dr. Munhall three hundred and fifty dollars for his two week's work, and the balance paid all our other expenses. Judge, did you ever know that amount of money better expended? Just think! Three hundred precious, immortal souls saved from endless woe and torment, and in two short weeks taken from the mud and mire of sin and fitted to walk the golden streets of the beautiful heaven! Think of this wonderful work of God, through the agency of his wonderful evangelist, in so short a time, and with so little expense! Why, Judge, these precious souls did not cost (after paying all expenses) two dollars apiece. Do you not call this wonderful? Was not the power of God truly manifested in this great work? How I wish you could have been present and listened to this greatly inspired and powerful worker for God and his church on earth. As your sincere friend and well-wisher, how happy I would feel if I could only persuade you to lay aside your Spiritualism and infidelity, and then unite with us in the work of saving souls from an eternal hell, fitting them for seats with Christ in his beautiful heaven. Would it not be a noble and glorious work for you, much better than the work you are engaged in while leading the poor victims down to endless misery and degradation? Judge, we want you, for you can reach many poor souls that are wandering around without God or Christ in the world. Won't you join us in the noble work?"

"Brother B, how thankful I am for your good wishes and noble impulses! I am sure you are honest, and the words you utter come from the bottom of a good, kind, noble and sympathetic heart, and are surely entitled to the greatest respect from me. For I will always respect goodness, charity and kindness, let them come from whatever source they may; but allowing you all the honor or respect possible for me to do, were you to come to me in all the kindness your nature would allow, and tell me as a friend that four times four would be twenty-five, I could not join in with you honestly in assenting to the result of that problem in mathematics, for the reason that my senses on investigation would teach me better.

"Now, my dear friend, you and I have different organisms. You are so organized that you can accept the problem in mathematics that three separate and distinct persons constitute and make but one person. You accept the proposition in physiology that a child can be its own father, and that nature's laws can be changed by flattering the supreme ruler of the universe with a few wordy prayers. While you are no doubt honest and sincere in your ideas on these things, from my investigations and mode of reasoning I cannot arrive at the same conclusions, hence I am called an infidel, and am told that unless I admit your statements and propositions, and accept them contrary to my reason, I am doomed to suffer the pains of an eternal and never ending hell, without hope or mercy. Pretty hard for me, isn't it? You can see at once that as we have different organisms, we must necessarily arrive at different conclusions.

"I am extremely positive, and for this reason am called skeptical in my nature, and have the organ of causality largely developed in my brain, while you are passive and negative in your nature, with the organs of marvelousness and veneration full as largely developed. From this reason our modes of reasoning and action are vastly different. You get your ideas and impressions from your field of observation, honestly and devoutly, while I do the same thing as my nature and my observation point out the way. I ask for no more charity at your hands than I am willing to accord to you. Could we all understand the laws of nature that govern and control human beings in all the departments of life, how much more charity we would have for each other. On a close study we would find people's minds will differ to the same extent as do their faces. I am so positive in my nature that all the Munhalls that ever lived and charged three hundred and fifty dollars for two weeks' work (to be paid by poor men, in many cases, that would labor hard for a whole year to earn that sum, and also by poor girls at two dollars a week), could not hypnotize me in the least, or by their flowery language and mesmeric power compel me to do that which my nature would not sanction as right and just. From my mode of reasoning and from my observation I am honestly compelled to say that I believe these revivals of religion (so-called) are no more than hypnotic influences; the same influences that when directed in another channel of thought, control mobs and all the elements of lawless brutality and cruelty. Under this influence people often become insane and lose their better judgment, as do herds of cattle. Even at your great revivals it would take but a small effort to excite a mob to violence should some one disturb its harmony in any manner. But aside from all this, my dear friend, let us talk this matter over calmly, as friend should do with friend. To illustrate: We will suppose we have before us a good, moral, kind and loving person; one whose intellectual and moral organism holds the animal and brutal faculties under supreme

control—what great change for the better could the "Reverend Dr. Munhall" (backed up by his God) effect in that person? Such a person might be made to utter wordy prayers and pay money to support a church, and taxed to pay ministers good salaries, but ordinarily his or her daily life would be the same as ever, and the moral nature would be no better. My dear Brother B, whenever the Reverend Dr. Munhall can hypnotize or change the nature of his three hundred converts to such an extent that they will forgive all those that trespass against them, seventy times seven, or four hundred and ninety times in succession; will quit resisting evil, and in all cases overcome evil with good, my nature would accept such a conversion as true and genuine, and well worthy the approbation of all good men and women; such converts could then with entire safety pray to their "Heavenly Father" to forgive their trespasses as they forgave others. Such conversions would do away with all wars and all brutality among the converts, and turn this earth into a glorious, peaceful and beautiful heaven.

"Brother B, I am no Evangelist. I want no three hundred and fifty dollars for hypnotizing and deceiving poor sensitives, and thus raising an excitement and sending the news out over the wires that a certain number of souls were saved from an imaginary devil, or from just and deserved punishment. No! my moral nature would revolt from such a course or line of action; but had I the voice of an angel I would shout in the ears of all earth's children these words: For if ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly father will forgive your trespasses. But if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your heavenly father forgive your trespasses.

"I do not care who uttered these words for the first time—whether Jesus or some one else. To my mind no grander words were ever printed in any book, for if they were respected and lived up to by all, as a grand and noble truth, they would reform the churches, the infidels, the Spiritualists, as well as the heathen all over this world.

"Were I a preacher I could find no better words for a text to discourse from. The doctrine of forgiveness would be all the creed necessary, and if carried out in practical life, would save more souls than all the preaching and wordy discourses of all the Doctors of Divinity in the land. There would be no sects or parties, no wars or cruelties, no wicked antagonisms, no damning of unbelievers or hell for infants. My friend, I can say honestly and truly that there are no persons in this wide world whom I do not freely forgive all their trespasses, and there is no one I would not treat kindly and help all in my power to be happy, noble and good. But you say these three hundred converts, at two dollars a head, are saved from hell and its torments. How saved, and in what manner? Suppose they were all called up to-day for an examination as to their right to enter the pearly gate that opens into the new Jerusalem. Then suppose Christ, acting as a judge, should propound to them the following questions:

"Did you keep my commandments?"

"Ans. 'We did, some of them at least.'"

"Did you ever pray in public after I forbid you to do so?"

"Ans. 'We did, for that was all the way we had to show that we were more pious than were others.'"

"Did you forgive all your enemies their trespasses?"

"Ans. 'Not entirely. We forgave some in our own church, but outsiders never.'"

"Did you ever resist evil, and did you always overcome evil with good?"

"Ans. 'We did resist what we called evil, and we have not overcome evil with good, but we have overcome it as far as possible by rendering evil in return.'"

"When a man sued you at the bar, and recovered judgment, did you ever pay him double the amount of the judgment of your own free will?"

"Ans. 'No, we did not; we made him all the trouble we could to collect the sum for which he had taken judgment in the first instance.'"

"Did you ever take any thought of the morrow what you should eat, or what you should drink, or wherewithal you should be clothed?"

"Ans. 'Some of us undertook to let the morrow care for itself, and let God feed and clothe us, as he does the birds, but we were arrested as vagrants and put in prison; then we gave it up as a bad job. No, we had to violate that law of yours.'"

"When Dr. Munhall converted you, did you sell all you had and give the proceeds to the poor, as I told the young man to do, and then follow me?"

"Ans. 'No, we gave all we had to spare to Dr. Munhall for converting us, but with the wages he received we think he was not very poor.'"

"Do you give to him that asketh of you, and when anyone wants to borrow money of you, do you ever turn away?"

"Ans. 'Just owing to who calls on us; if some one of great repute and with great patronage at his disposal, and we expect one hundred per cent in return, we do; but if a poor tramp, like the one you spoke of at the rich man's gate, we turn him away with contempt.'"

"Is your communication always yea, yea, and nay, nay, or did you not sometimes speak out more emphatically?"

"Ans. 'We did sometimes, in great haste and excitement, utter stronger language.'"

"Well, as you have gone contrary to almost all my commands, by what right do you expect to gain admission?"

"Ans. 'By the benefit of belief. Did you not say that "he that believeth shall be saved?"'

"What did you believe?"

"Ans. 'That our church was right, and all others wrong; that when the Jews killed you, that murder paid all our debts, let them be ever so mean; that your death was a full satisfaction for all our meanness, and fitted us for

a seat at your right hand, if we would only believe this, pay the preacher, and keep the church running in good style, and while doing this, show no mercy to the infidel that has no faith in such a plan of salvation.'"

"Now, my good friend, if you were a judge in this case, would you let this converted lot into the beautiful heaven, and send the good, kind, manly, noble and forgiving infidel, as you call him, down to the lowest perdition? What great merit can these immortal three hundred claim, that thousands of others that never enter a church do not possess? You wish me to join you in your work. What work are you engaged in worthy of my time and attention, that I am not engaged in already?"

"Judge, what a man you are. When I came in here I thought I had a foundation to stand upon. But you have, in a kind and courteous manner, shown me that my foundation is a poor, weak and frail one. I never realized before that when a man is said to be converted it means taxation to support a church, and a priest who is clothed in purple and fine linen, and fares sumptuously every day. I respect you for what you have said to me; I am glad that I called, and I leave you, I hope, a wiser if not a better man."

Then, with a kind and hearty shake of the good right hand, my friend left me to my own thoughts and musings, to which I have given expression at this "twilight hour."

M. P. ROSECRANS.

To Joseph Wood, in Spirit Life.

Gone before us, O, our brother,
To a pure land of light and love;
Upholding ever Truth's bright banner,
Emblems of sweet joys above.

Just in every sense and measure,
Onward, upward, from a world of care;
Suffering now no more will greet thee,
Enter thou with loved ones there.

Thy earth's career of life is ended,
Sins of omission are not found there;
O, willing worker in the harvest,
Humanity's good thine only care.

Thou who oft asked and wondered
What the heavenly spheres were like,
Can'st thou tell us, departed brother,
Now thy soul's found peace and light?

O, tell us of the finer friendship
We mortals claim the angels know;
Help us in our aspirations
To life's grander feelings glow.

Good-bye, brother. We hope to meet thee
When we, too, leave this lower plane;
The bond of friendship is not broken,
Only glorified; we'll surely meet again.

—Florence E. Alcott.

Manifestations Through George D. Search.

TO THE EDITOR:—I want to say a few words in commendation of the mediumship of Mr. George D. Search, who is now holding circles in Parsons, Kansas. The manifestations are grand, and constitute the very gate of heaven.

In sitting in a dark circle two violins and a guitar would be taken from our laps and carried around the room above our heads and near our faces, keeping time to our singing, and at times resting on our heads, and still playing at the same time. Spirit hands would pat us on the shoulder, head and face, and spirit lights would flash across the room in every direction. Then, in a dim light, the medium sitting outside the cabinet with a lady on each side holding his hands, a spirit hand would be extended outside the curtain, and each of us would go up and the spirit would touch us or shake hands with us. Then one of us would hand it a slate; the slate would be taken in and a message written on each side and handed back, and another slate taken, until twenty or more messages would be given, and all of them recognized. I received three, telling me to go and lecture and spread the glad tidings. Mr. Search is certainly the best independent slate writer I ever saw.

H. P. DRYDEN.

Brief Mention of Some Mediums.

TO THE EDITOR:—Numerous sketches of our Haslett Park work in our Spiritual papers reminds me that I have a word to say also in behalf of a few of the mediums there, who did valiant work. Mrs. H. N. Read, one of the oldest, has been a faithful worker, doing most excellent mediumistic work. She goes to California, and I commend her to the friends there, and know they will find her true. Miss Mattie E. Woodbury gave sittings, and proved herself an honor to our cause, and therefore a benefit to all she came in contact with. Mrs. Lora Holton, now located at Vicksburg, Mich., conducted the music. She proved herself a musician of rare qualifications, and one of our sweetest singers. The improvement of the singers under her directions was most gratifying. Mrs. Holton is also a medium with unfolding powers. One of the quiet, sweet disposition, always finding good in all, was found in the "Medium's Home," Mrs. R. Amidon. For years she has worked for the angel world, and sometimes we fear she will be one of that world before camp comes again, but the months roll by, and so far each year we have found her there. Blessings rest with these faithful souls. There are many more, but space forbids. EVELYN F. JOSSELYN.

Brother Jonathan insists that "there is something in the air," which he expects THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER man to utilize for his Fall and Winter Campaign. He is of the opinion, too, that those who don't read THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER will necessarily take a back seat.

"Memorial Oration by Colonel Ingersoll on Roscoe Conkling." Delivered before the New York Legislature, May 9, 1888. Price, 4 cents. For sale at this office.

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Critics Criticised.

WORDS FROM LYMAN C. HOWE.

TO THE EDITOR:—Candid criticism is an important education. Bitter denunciations attacks may serve a purpose in the economy of evolution, but it does not answer to the highest ideal nor illustrate the genius of the Spiritual philosophy. Much depends on the spirit and motive that animate the speaker or writer. That a thoroughly earnest soul should speak strongly against abuses is quite natural, and if such forget "the law of kindness when they struggle to be just," and only express one side of the truth, it is not strange, nor should it be held against the superior aims and efforts of the critic. If another reviews the situation in a spirit of unjust censure, and garbles and exaggerates, or misrepresents the works and genius of gifted speakers or aspiring mediums, we may regret and pity, but the spirit of our philosophy should raise us above vindictive retaliation. We can gain nothing valuable by imitating the faults of others. If cynics attack us with a chaotic compound of envy, jealousy, evil suggestions, caustic reflections and suspicious hints, and shadow all that is high and beautiful in our aims and efforts with the colorings of their own nature and tendencies, the best answer is silence, and the spirit of love and charity breathing over the clouds. For, be it remembered, that whatever is caused, and every mental phase is as necessary, and therefore, useful in the economy of nature, as are the various steps and links in the process of physical evolution. We were all babies once, and the best of us have not got far from the cradle yet. We are all weak before we are strong, and foolish before we are wise; and the wisdom of the wisest of to-day may be folly to future ages. We cannot spring from infancy to manhood or womanhood, either in body or mind, without passing every mile post in its order, and filling in every link in the chain of events which make a consecutive life line in dispensable to every complete character. Nevertheless, we are often annoyed and perhaps disgusted at the manifestations of human nature in its efforts to rise and keep all the links in the chain of its ascent. Then, perhaps, we scowl and scold, and indulge in a spiteful censure or pessimistic fog in true theological style. But as this is a part of the plan, and is manifest, inevitable with the childhood of human nature, the broad gauge of Spiritual philosophy will smile and work on undisturbed by the little worm fits and measly attacks incident to the young.

But even the most charitable philosophers criticise when they see a need and a use. It would be wrong in them to withhold it, when it is clearly demanded as a means to help the weaklings to "see themselves as others see them," and thus inspire effort at self-conquest and self-education. These thoughts suggest themselves in connection with your editorial in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER of September 10. The general summing up you make, the broad estimates and generous interpretations of human life in all its shades and grades, the utilitarian views of all the phases of expression and experience in mediumship and out of its answers, to my idea of Spiritualism. But there are two other points that seem to me vital in this connection, that you have overlooked or neglected.

Mrs. Jackson may be, in a sense, responsible for her utterances; but it should be remembered that she, too, is a medium, and speaks as moved by the spirit, and those who attack her for such expressions as do not please them should be consistent enough to apply the same method to other mediums and manifestations that they so jealously guard against all rational criticism. To apologize for all the crookedness and shams, falsehoods and follies that transpire among physical mediums, because they are sensitives and easily hurt, and then direct contemptuous flings and ridicule and caustic criticisms at another class equally sensitive, and equally under the influence of their guides, does not tally with justice and fair-minded criticism. Mrs. Jackson's criticisms, we are to suppose, originate on the spirit side, and are, therefore, the voice of an intellectual class of reformers, who see a need and seek to supply it through their chosen instrument.

No competent critic will class her public efforts as "twaddle," or deny to her poetic guides the rare merit of combining wit and wisdom in a rhythmic style of rhyme, usually accurate in meter and unique in original expression of logical common sense. There is no "Punch and Judy Show" about her mental displays. Agreeing with all you say of the diversity of developments, and the uses in them all, and the beautiful spirit of loving charity, that covers all, encourages all, blesses all, I still think we need the recognition of adverse criticisms as administered from various individual standpoints, as an essential agent helpful to all in the process of growth. If exercised in a kindly and generous spirit, it improves both the critic and the recipient. If it proceeds from a vicious desire to injure, it may benefit the object attacked while it harms the censorious critic.

Anyone at all familiar with human nature as manifested at seances, will realize that Mrs. Jackson's strictures are, in the main, justified by facts.

The report may not do full justice to the discourse. She may have added much of that charitable qualification which your editorial so aptly and beautifully suggests. The sharp points may have been cushioned with the velvet of her charitable philosophy in words that the report omits.

The true philosopher recognizes all the grades and planes of life as legitimate, and all phases of mediumship as useful in their way. "Indian controls" have done much for mediums and mediumship. Most mediums have one or more in whom they trust.

"Indian pow-wows" may be helpful to many on both sides. But there is reason to question the wisdom of such exhibits in a promiscuous crowd of novices, skeptics and doubtful investigators. They are not edifying or

attractive to the uninitiated, and repel and disgust many who are getting their first lessons, and such "crudity" in such places is at least of uncertain value. But you think "berating it, scolding it and condemning it will accomplish nothing whatever." Are we, then, to conclude that these inevitable tendencies of aspiring minds to try to awaken superior incentives and higher aims by pointing out the fallacies and follies of "crude manifestations" are superfluous and out of place in the processes of evolution? Are not these very "scoldings" nature's own leverages, without which the crude would remain content in its crudity, and ignorance satisfied with its own darkness? If we are required to abstain from all criticism of the "crude" in Spiritualism, why not extend the same law to all other crudities? Sam Jones represents a phase of human development, and has his plane of uses, and many people think him a model of moral excellence. But in this same issue of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER you represent him as a "disgrace" to the Christians who employ him, and declare that "the influence of such a man is unmitigatedly bad, and brings the very name of religion into contempt." A desire to save Spiritualism from a similar fate evidently prompts such critics as Mrs. Jackson and her guides, when questioned about the "Punch and Judy Shows of Spiritualism," to score the frauds and criticise the "pow-wows" with a view to stimulating a demand for honest mediumship, and elevating manifestations.

It should be observed that the strictures on the "Punch and Judy Shows" are, in the report, confined to pretenders, who are not mediums at all. It is not applied to the crude in mediumship, and, therefore, does not reflect upon any class of mediums, but hits hard at frauds who "disgrace" the cause, and bring honest mediums under a cloud. It is not spiritual sensitiveness that manifests a morbid dread of criticism. The more spiritual we become the less are we hurt by any fair analysis of our faults.

It is a selfish, animal instinct that expresses itself in angry excitement, or retaliates with vindictive attacks, whenever personal weaknesses are discussed. This kind of sensitiveness may accompany mediumship, but constitutes no part of it.

A spiritual sensitive is open to the touch of those refining impresses and exalting moods which, in their nature, enlarge the entire consciousness of life, and render the recipient progressively less and less susceptible to the influence of weak ambition and selfish vanity, which are the touchstones of all the petty jealousies and personal wranglings that dwarf and paralyze the efforts of the nobler nature. As we all have a share of these crudities, we can afford to be patient and charitable to others who manifest the same in their own way.

But while we generously excuse the displays of selfish crudity on the various planes of development, let us not forget to exercise the same philosophical interpretations towards their critics. The camp-meeting exercises would be tame and comparatively profitless if criticisms and counter-criticisms did not animate the conferences, and thrill the efforts of orators, and keep alive the spirit of self-watchfulness, which is the key to success. By such means the angels in the flesh and out keep Spiritualism standing "at the head of all reformatory movements."

Yours for charity, that covers a multitude of criticisms,

LYMAN C. HOWE.

Married.

TO THE EDITOR:—While not permitted by the fates to participate in matrimonial joys myself, it falls to my lot, as a Minister of our New Gospel, occasionally to give legal sanction to the marital experiments of others. Such occasion was mine on September 22d, to join the hands and unite the lives of Mr. Matthew T. Archibald and Mrs. C. M. Coffin, familiarly known hereabouts as "Mrs. Coffin, the Radical." Both parties have been in Hymenial bowers before, so doubtless are well qualified to assume their present obligations, and as both are progressive thinkers, and know how to make the most and the best of this life, and as the groom is a good astrologist, it is to be reasonably expected that the stars will wink propitiously on their union, and that the good and harmonious spirits, whom they both love, will make their pleasant home at Los Gatos, Cal., a portal to the heaven all aspire to reach.

DEAN CLARK.

Annual Convention Illinois State Association.

PROGRAMME.

To be held in Bricklayers' Hall, No. 93 Peoria street, Chicago, Ill., October 19 and 20, 1892. Two sessions each day. Business meetings of the auxiliary societies Wednesday, October 19th, 10 A. M.

Afternoon session, 2:30 P. M.—Singing by congregation; invocation by Mrs. Dr. Morrell; music by Prof. Tolman; address by Mrs. Mattie Hull; singing by congregation; tests, Mrs. De Wolf; independent slate-writing, Mrs. Bumstead; singing by congregation.

Evening session, 7:30 P. M.—Music by Prof. Tolman; poem by Mrs. D. Helm; address by G. H. Brooks; singing by congregation; tests, F. Corden White; independent slate-writing by Mrs. Lizzie Bangs; recitation, "Uncle Jack," by A. J. Bingham; music, Prof. Tolman.

Thursday, October 20th, 2:30 P. M.—Singing by congregation; invocation by W. W. Harper; music by Prof. Tolman; address by M. F. Hammond; music by Prof. Tolman; independent slate writing, Mrs. Bumstead; singing by congregation.

Last session, 7:30 P. M.—Singing by congregation; invocation by Dr. G. W. Carpenter; music by Prof. Tolman; address by Moses Hull; tests by F. Corden White; music by Prof. Tolman; psychic phenomena by Dr. Henry Rogers; singing by congregation.

Mr. Foster, spirit artist, will, on the evenings of the 19th and 20th, illustrate the passage of matter through matter.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

Published every Saturday at No. 40 Loomis Street.

J. R. Francis, Editor and Publisher.

Entered at Chicago Postoffice as Second-class matter.

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Three months	One copy to the one getting up	.75
Single copy		25c

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Remit by Postoffice Money Order, Registered Letter, or draft on Chicago or New York. If cost of transfer is 15 cents to get drafts cashed on local banks, do not send them unless you wish that amount deducted from the amount sent. Direct all letters to J. R. Francis, No. 40 Loomis St., Chicago, Ill.

CLUES: IMPORTANT SUGGESTION!

As there are thousands who will at first venture only twenty-five cents for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, we would suggest to those who receive a sample copy, to solicit several others to unite with them, and thus be able to remit from \$1 to \$10, or even more than the latter sum. A large number of little amounts will make a large sum total, and thus extend the field of our labor and influence. The same suggestion will apply in all cases of renewal of subscriptions—solicit others to aid in the good work. You will experience no difficulty whatever in inducing others to unite with you in this work. THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, for not one of them can afford to be without the valuable information imparted therein each week, and at the price of only about two cents per week.

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Whenever you desire the address of your paper changed, always give the address of the place to which it is then sent, or the change cannot be made.

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Do you want a more bountiful harvest than we can give you for 25 cents? Just pass and think for a moment that an intellectual feast that small investment will furnish you. The subscription price is only 25 cents for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, which is only twenty-five cents! For that amount you obtain one hundred and four pages of solid, substantial, soul-elevating and mind-refreshing reading matter, equivalent to a medium-sized book!

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1892

An Affecting Incident.

Under the head of "An Affecting Incident," Sol Miller, of the Kansas Chief, has something pointed to say, setting forth that an incident lately occurred at Larned "that was enough to bring tears to the eyes of a knitting-needle. A poor brute of a negro at that place committed an assault upon a young white woman. He did not accomplish his design, but the woman was badly cut and bruised, and prostrated with fright. The villain was pursued and caught, and lodged in jail. Kansas is always up with the latest fashions; and as it is the custom in the South to lynch negroes who assault white women, Kansas must keep abreast of the times. Some time during the night a mob gathered, broke open the jail, took the prisoner out, and prepared to hang him. As he was about to be hauled up he piteously asked if there was a Christian in the crowd who would pray for him. Two men promptly stepped forward, one white and the other black, acknowledged that they were Christians, and proceeded to pray for him fervently. Then he was yanked up and left dead, dangling from a telegraph pole. The thought is beautiful and affecting, that no matter where you go, or in what kind of an assembly you find yourself, gathered for whatever purpose, there you will find Christians who are not ashamed to acknowledge it. Here was a poor devil who had attempted a crime, but had failed. A large crowd of men had assembled, deliberately intent upon committing the murder of this attempted criminal. They were going to take a man's life for a crime for which he had not been tried, and of which he had not been proven guilty. Only the circumstances were against him, and a frightened confession had been forced from him. He was perhaps guilty. But before his murderers strung him up, he asked if there was a Christian among them who would pray for him. Two men acknowledged that they were followers of the meek and lowly Jesus, and let go of the rope long enough to kneel and offer a fervent prayer for the soul of him who had tried to commit a crime. Then they arose, again grabbed the rope, and committed murder! Wasn't it beautiful? Does it not illustrate the power of Christianity? Perhaps in a band of horse-thieves, train-robbers or highwaymen, at least one Christian could be found to pray for the departing soul of their victim. Now suppose that after these two Christians had finished praying for the negro, and they were about stringing him up, a band of rescuers had appeared, and fired into the crowd, killing these two Christians, who would have been there to pray for their miserable, hypocritical, infernal souls?"

A Good Word for Lyman C. Howe.

M. A. Baker writes: "We have lately had the pleasure and profit of a visit from that grand, good man, and noted speaker, Lyman C. Howe, whose untiring efforts, and devotion to the cause of Spiritualism, have gained for him a wide circle of friends, who appreciate and admire his sterling qualities, as well as the fearless manner in which he presents the 'truth of the higher light,' as they are given him. His work here (Spartanburg, Pa.) on Friday evening and Sunday P. M., September 24th and 26th, was greatly appreciated. Long may he continue in the good work."

No Prayer for Cholera.

The press, both of Europe and America, have indulged in free comment on the "eccentric" action of the German emperor in his order forbidding prayer-meetings to pray for the abatement of the cholera. This is regarded as the more singular as the emperor is a very religious man, and hence his order cannot come from unbelief. It really is highly significant of the enlightenment of the mind of the ruler of Germany and of the spirit of the age, that places more confidence in sanitary measures, cleanliness and disinfectants, than in supplications to the Almighty. It is the first time in history where the ruling power has taken the initiative in opposition to superstition. As a rule, Government is the fostering mother of old beliefs and careful not to offend the devotees of time-worn customs.

The Empress of China never travels without 3,000 dresses. These are placed in 600 boxes, and are carried by 1,200 coolies.

The Holy Scriptures.

After mature reflection the conclusion is irresistible that the lovers of the "Holy Scriptures" know but little of their teachings. Through a thousand years these treasures were in the hands of priests alone. They were too sacred to be trusted to profane hands. Education was monopolized by the clergy, and these important revelations from heaven were withheld from laymen; for these common people were not competent to understand communications from God to man without the aid of a priestly interpreter. They were preserved in a dead language so as to be the more difficult of access.

During that thousand years these holy books were subject to emendation, interpolation, elimination and change to suit the caprice of the copyist, or the direction of his priestly employer. From twenty-seven thousand to one hundred and fifty thousand errors, according to the varying statements of Christian writers, crept into the sacred text.

The strongest point Martin Luther and his co-reformers made against Catholics was the statement that "The mother church has withheld the Word of God from the people." In wresting from the church these productions of a corrupt priesthood, all these numerous imperfections and forgeries were received as emanations of Deity. They were accepted as divine by the people. As the governments were still in the hands of Catholics, and were administered in their interest, the most rigid laws were enacted against the reading of these holy books by unauthorized persons. Benjamin Franklin, in his autobiography, says that through the reign of Queen Mary, in England, who was a bitter Catholic, his ancestors had an English bible. "To conceal it, and place it in safety, it was fastened open with tapes under and within the cover of a joint stool. When my grandfather wished to read it to his family, he placed the joint stool on his knees and then turned over the leaves under the tapes. One of the children stood at the door to give notice if he saw the apparition coming, who was an officer of the spiritual court. In that case the stool was turned down again upon its feet, when the bible remained under it as before."

Prohibitory laws against any book makes it sacred in the estimation of its owner. The most effective method of making a book popular is to denounce it from the pulpit, or by the press. The teachings of the bible are hardly taken into account. A preacher wishing to establish a doctrine hunts up his texts to sustain it, and these are ever on his lips as the Word of God on that subject. Another preacher, just as honest, just as well read, and just as devoted to the truth, finds directly opposite teachings. And these are the reasons for a thousand conflicting creeds of modern times, each fully sustained by the bible. Here the volary of endless damnation finds authority for his belief; and here the Universalist finds its opposite. Here the Unitarian and the Trinitarian find ample proof for their respective creeds. Here the Baptists show that immersion in water is the only true baptism; and here the advocates of sprinkling, or pouring, get their authority. The Sabbath, otherwise Saturday observers, find positive testimony in their favor, and here the quibblers for a Pagan Sunday, originally established by a Pagan emperor, find passages no way relating to the subject, which, by the meanest kind of torture, he manages to make himself believe the apostles favored.

Preachers and laymen send this everywhere discordant book to confirm their child-taught beliefs. They know what they want to find, and every doubtful passage is forced into their service.

Madame Loysen on Opening the World's Fair on Sunday.

The Evening News says: "She spoke at the request of the religious committees of the congress auxiliary to the World's Fair and the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. The floor of the First Methodist Church was more than half filled when Mme. Loysen began to speak. At first her voice was low and uncertain, and scarcely reached the limit of the audience. Later it grew stronger as Mme. Loysen warmed to her favorite theme, her husband's church and the evangelization of France. Before touching the main subject of her address, Mme. Loysen told the somewhat dangerous ground of the Sunday opening of the World's Fair, and boldly advocated the opening of the gates on the Sabbath. It was surprising to hear the opening advocated within the walls of the Methodist church, and it was more surprising to hear it greeted with applause."

"Whenever in this country I have heard people speaking of the opening of the World's Fair on Sunday, I have said: 'How I wish I could speak on that subject in Chicago! I would tell them they must throw their gates wide open every Sunday! Now I want to tell you that you are going to have great temptations around you next year, and something must be done to counteract them. You have that something in the World's Fair. Every Sunday you can have there Sunday-schools, sacred concerts, preaching in every place and every tongue. But no commerce, no buying and selling. Then you will have there not only a silent voice for God, but a city of God on the Lord's day.'"

Mme. Loysen is the wife of "Pere Hyacinthe," and her opinion will carry great weight on account of her high position; but more so on account of its intrinsic merit. How different it is from the nonsense of the fanatics who fight for Sunday closing, and by their blindness and folly are trying to make a harvest for saloons and brothels. Why don't they propose some such plan as Mme. Loysen suggests, or act on her proposition, and encourage every effort to enlighten the people, instead of shutting them out from the greatest opportunity they ever had? We look upon their madness in this affair as one of the sure signs of the decadence of an organized superstition which is irrevocably doomed.

Let the world, whose fair this is, regulate that matter to suit themselves, and not be ruled by a few fanatical clergy. Every day in the week is the Sabbath of some who will be here; let each spend his day as he wishes; but let us not compel any to observe the venerable day of the sun.

We sincerely hope that something may yet be done to avert the calamity of a closed Fair. Let sun worshippers have their Sunday and the Jews their Sabbath; but let the World have its Fair open every day in the week.

Effect of Daily Life on the Spiritual.

The following item is going the round of the newspapers, under the supposition that every person is interested in all that concerns money:

"The conservatism of capital is shown in the tenacity with which it clings to the old scenes of its activity and power. For centuries the enormous financial interests of London have found their homes in the vicinity of Threadneedle street and 'the bank,' notwithstanding the metropolis has grown to such a marvelous extent that the locality is but a diminutive spot in its magnificent area. These financial schemes of a world-wide character and importance are conceived and culminated. So, too, in the new world, says the Boston Journal. Wall street has been and continues to be the great financial center of the country. The population and much of the business of the city have abandoned 'down town,' but Pluto's throne is unmovable. He needs not the migration of the throng of lesser seekers after fortune and their habitations. The great fulcrum, whose vibrations daily affect millions of money, still rests where the Dutch settlers planted it, and there it seems destined to remain, for a lot has recently been selected for a new custom house in the 'down town' section at a price of \$1,926,000. Thus also in Boston 'State street' holds the same position that Wall street does in New York. There the stock exchange is located, and within a small area in its neighborhood is concentrated the combined active capital of New England, whose manipulations are felt in the remotest sections of our country. And there our money kings are likely to make their home for generations. There they have erected costly business palaces, and there they have gathered the nerves of the world of finance. Capital is bold and enterprising, yet it is conservative and loves its old haunts."

It might occur to a Spiritualist to ask why capital should be "sensitive," why it should be "conservative?" Why it should be this or that any more than any other form of the material? Is it not because of the concentration of all the mentality of the world upon it, to a greater or less extent or degree? Not only does the universal thought center here, until it becomes like a devastating cyclone, but by reflex action it holds in chain the spirits of those who have willingly yielded themselves slaves to its enticements. Having left the body, these spirit slaves cannot free themselves from the places where they have toiled and fretted, been glad and in agony. Here they still wait for release from a thralldom which is more horrible than any picture of an orthodox hell.

This is why men still in the body, in a similar state of mind, are drawn to these centers as stated above; and they will be drawn for ages to come, and new recruits for spiritual misery will be added to the unseen prisoners. We are told by some who communicate with us from the invisible shores that naught will liberate these earth-bound spirits but fire. During the great fire in Boston, these enchained spirits were seen by several mediums as they were set free by the flames which destroyed the buildings in which they were imprisoned. The same may be true in all great city fires. The chaining is part of man's work. He simply elects to become a part of a great machine, the money-making power of the world. Once thus incorporated he is obliged to stay as long as the machine stays. It is because of the influence of these that living men are drawn to these centers. They in turn draw towards them the great currents of life. Thus the money centers remain fixed from generation to generation. Let us who desire to be free learn a lesson. Money is a useful servant but a hard master.

A Catholic Lord Mayor.

That is just what London, Eng., has at the present time. His name is Knill. At the time of his selection as Lord Mayor, in reply to a question put to him by the livermen who catechised him on various matters, he said that he had not attended St. Lawrence's church that day. This statement was received with cheers and hisses. Mr. Knill added that he was a Catholic and attended his own church. He then proceeded to explain the course he would pursue in the event of his being selected. He said he would have an Anglican chaplain to perform public duties, while his private chaplain would be a Catholic. He would not attend Anglican services personally, but he would appoint a substitute to represent him at such services when it was necessary. It was at this point that Councillor Moore made his protest against Mr. Knill's selection. Amid a great uproar Mr. Moore said Mr. Knill held allegiance to the pope. Here some of the spectators hissed. Continuing, Mr. Moore said: "The liberty the city fathers gained for us by the blood of their Protestant ancestors—" It is said that he got no further in his remarks, or if he did he was not heard, for the shouting, hissing and yelling of the crowd drowned his voice. The court of aldermen retired while the noisy demonstrations were still in progress. After a prolonged absence they returned and declared Mr. Knill elected. The announcement was received with prolonged hisses and applause.

Mr. Knill endeavored to return thanks to the aldermen for his election, but such a storm of dissent arose that his voice was inaudible.

S. M. Imman, the wealthy Georgia cotton dealer, has presented his Atlanta residence to a board of women for use as an orphan asylum. He also gave \$20,000 to maintain it.

Mrs. Amelia Bloomer who devised and gave its name to the "Bloomer costume" is still living, where she has lived for a generation, at Council Bluffs. She wears the ordinary feminine garb.

What Shall Be Done with Summerland?

Summerland, Cal., is said to be a very pleasant place, and so named because it was expected that perfect peace, harmony and love would prevail there. It has been advertised as the paradise of America; as a most excellent locality to live, and a desirable place in all respects to make investments. Everyone nearly who writes from there sandwiches something in their letters praising the place. "The breezes are balmy, the soil fertile, the winds from the ocean full of healing properties and every flower is laden with an incense that is pleasing to the soul."

Indeed, great things have been expected from this town. The last announcement made from there indicated an inexhaustible supply of gas ready to rush forth when any one would bore deep enough for it. With such a start, it was expected that the place would "boom." A pretentious little paper was started there to sing its praise in long and short meter, in prose or in verse, in fact every note of the scale sounded forth Summerland! Summerland!! In fact, Summerland has been advertised very extensively indeed, and yet it is only a little hamlet, with some beautiful cottages, and some most excellent people; but sad to relate, there is discord in Summerland, and a war of words is being waged there that is very bitter indeed. H. L. Williams ventilates himself against Mr. Loveland, and Mr. Loveland ventilates himself against Mr. Williams; in fact, there seems to be a ventilation going on all around there, but the outsider cannot get at the bottom facts. Each additional ventilation leaves the case more obscure, though the whole atmosphere of Summerland is said to be bristling with ventilators. In fact, each one there is supposed to carry a private ventilator, until the inhabitants look to an outsider as if the smoke nuisance prevailed, and each one had the only remedy thereof. THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER would like to suggest a remedy; it would like to pour about two hogheads of oil over the troubled waters of Mr. Williams, who is very much troubled, very much agitated and very indignant—at what we couldn't exactly tell in his circular. In fact, as nearly as we can learn, everybody in the little hamlet, like Mr. Williams, is very much disturbed, very much agitated and very indignant. This, for a little town of no commercial importance whatever, with only a few hundred inhabitants and in no respect superior to 1,000 other towns in various parts of the country, is a condition to be deplored.

We would suggest that Brother Loveland answer Mr. Williams. Let his circular be longer, wider and deeper than the one the latter issued, and be printed with red-hot letters, in the spirit of kindness, and when peace is finally restored, as it will be some time, let the relics of war be collected and sent to the Chicago War Museum.

In conclusion we would say to the contending parties, be calm; if you can't be calm, be as calm as you can. Remember, too, each one, that your worst enemy in Summerland is an embryonic angel, and the best thing for each of you to do is to read the New Bible in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER and profit thereby. We have only the best of feelings personally for all of those who reside in Summerland, and fervently pray that the time may not be far distant when all differences will be settled between the contending parties.

Cultivate Ignorance.

The World's Exposition was designed for an educational purpose. It is proposed to teach the progress of all nations in the arts and manufactures. The industry of all lands is to be brought in competition—genius contending with genius, and each producer can there compare his own product with the productions of other countries.

The most successful claim against Catholicism is the fact that they have retarded knowledge; that they have been unwilling to teach the sciences, because if the people were educated, priestcraft would lose its control over them.

What shall be said of the Protestant clergy, who have joined hands with Catholic priests in closing against the producing classes the most instructive educator the world has ever devised?

Another such an opportunity for gaining knowledge will not occur in a century. But priestcraft, for the hour, ignorance must be cultivated.

Warning from Mrs. Jennie Hagan Jackson.

Mrs. Jackson desires us to state that any traveling mediums who claim she is inducing them, and cannot produce a letter of recommendation with her own signature, are impostors. She especially wishes to call the attention of spiritual friends in Western Massachusetts to this important fact. Particularly would she warn those in Cunningham and vicinity to indorse or harbor no one on her supposed recommendation.

Did Washington Lie?

The discussions by the secular press growing out of the act of Congress closing the Great Exposition on Sunday, are doing more to liberalize the public mind, and invite hatred of priestcraft and of priestly interference in governmental affairs, than any other event in the century. In harmony with such action of Congress, a chaplain should be appointed to open the morning exercises each day of the Fair with prayer and a benediction at the closing. Why not a sermon each morning in the grand reception-room, before the public buildings are opened to visitors? Verily, this is a Christian nation, and Washington simply by these he officially announced to the Mohammedan authorities at Tripoli to the contrary. If he did not lie, a revolution has been effected in public policy, as proved by Congressional legislation.

General Survey.

The Spiritualistic Field—Work, Doings, Etc.

Remember, everyone, that on account of our large edition, we go to press early Monday morning. Short items only will be inserted if received on the previous Saturday. We take pleasure in publishing the movements of lecturers and mediums. Meetings, which are doing a grand work, are of local interest only, and we cannot publish long reports with reference to them. They are too numerous for that. A few lines explanatory of the good work being done are always acceptable. A great deal can be said of a meeting in a dozen lines, giving a "general survey" only of the glorious work being done.

Frank N. Foster, spirit photographer, is now in the city, and is located at 282 West Madison street. Mr. Foster has developed lately an extraordinary phase of mediumship, whereby he is able to demonstrate the passage of matter through matter. On the evenings of October 19 and 20 he will appear before the State Association of Spiritualists at Bricklayers hall, and give an example of that wonderful gift. There should be a large attendance on the occasion.

W. H. Bach lately opened one of his meetings by reading a copy of the old Connecticut Blue Laws. What heathens they were in those days.

Mrs. Lura Crapsey speaks as follows of a lecture by Bishop A. Beals at Louisville, Ky.: "His subject was 'Thought,' which was explained to the listeners in a pleasing manner, showing every one the necessity of thinking for themselves."

J. H. Ray, of Valparaiso, Ind., had a sitting last week with Dr. Rogers, 238 Park avenue, and got two messages written on slates. One message was written in red. Mr. Ray was delighted with the result.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. F. Perkins left this city last week, after a successful sojourn here, for Kansas City, Mo.

Dora Downey, Secretary, writes: "The Home Mediums' Society, of Indianapolis, Ind., is slowly but surely advancing up the ladder of progression. We have now adopted a new system for reaching and developing the different phases of mediumship found in the circle. Hereafter, our midweek meeting will be given to only one phase; the others forming a circle around the sitters, giving them strength, through singing and invocation. Sunday afternoons there is a spiritual circle, and the one held Oct. 2 will long be remembered, for truly the spirit of God was with us. Sunday evenings conference meetings are held, which gives the inspirational mediums a chance."

Dr. Walter S. Eldridge writes: "I desire to call your attention to a few facts with which I became acquainted while on my recent trip to Washington, D. C., during the late G. A. R. encampment. There is a society there, The Seekers after Truth, which is composed of about 250 members. There are several committees in the Society, and I would like to mention three especially: one for relieving the sick, one for entertaining strangers, and a press committee. One of the grandest features it has is the utilization of home talent. Upon my arrival at Washington I was taken in charge by the President of the Society, Mr. Wm. C. Scribner, and his wife, both earnest workers for our cause. I want to mention also Mrs. Beste, another staunch laborer for the cause of truth, under whose kind hospitality I remained as a guest during my stay here."

Mrs. Olie Denslow has settled in Milwaukee, Wis., 86 Onasida street, for the winter. She is ready to receive calls from surrounding towns and cities, to lecture, sing, give tests from the rostrum, and private sittings in clairvoyance and slate-writing. Mrs. D. has been very busy all summer, working to spread the good cause. As a medium she has been very successful.

Meetings all over this city are doing a great work. Not one but what is making a favorable impression on the masses. Mr. Clark, the President of the North Side Spiritual Society, reports increasing interest. The society meets at Schlotthauer's hall. At a late meeting Moses Hull dropped in on them; also Mr. Perkins. Miss Cole rendered some fine music.

An old-time Spiritualist writes from Anderson, Ind., stating that there is a trumpet medium in that city who is doing great injury to the cause by his statements that horned devils are in some of the houses. He thinks the medium is undeveloped, and should not be before the public until he is better prepared to leave off his crude methods.

T. J. Moore writes: "I have only been investigating Spiritualism about a month, and have got splendid results. I have just received a slate-written message from my mother and sister; also a likeness of my sister on the slate, which convinces me that there is a great deal in Spiritualism. I received this communication through the mediumship of John Johnson, of St. Louis."

L. S. M., of Minneapolis, Minn., writes: "A new meeting has been opened at 250 2d avenue, S, in continuation of those held at Lake Harriet. It has a free platform for the expression of liberal thought. A test meeting, held under the auspices of the Society of Modern Spiritual Thought, by Mrs. Tryon and Miss Jacobs, was well attended, and the latter presented a floral and bouquet of pansies for the little Indian control Pansy. The hall was filled at evening service by a very intelligent and appreciative audience, who listened with pleasure to Rev. W. H. Harrington, who has but recently become an avowed Spiritualist. His discourse on 'Sinner and Sinner's sin' was an angel spoke, well handled and vividly illustrated. His subject for next Sunday is 'The New Command.' He also received a handsome bouquet."

T. J. Ambrosia, of Philadelphia, writes: "The Second Association of Spiritualists reopened its season on the first Sunday of September, and have had so far, a very fair attendance. I also desire to say that Mr. Jacob Group, of 632 N. 4th street, is at his office, having returned to the city after a considerable trip, with health improved, and ready to attend to his large circle of appreciative patrons, he being overruled, and his office constantly packed with anxious seekers after spiritual food."

A Subscriber writes: "Will you please advertise in your paper for an independent slate-writer for Benton Harbor. There is a large field for work here, and excitement runs high."

Prof. W. F. Peck speaks during October and November at Colorado Springs, Colo. During December at Saratoga Springs, N. Y., and January at Washington, D. C. Has a few open dates beyond that. Will also make engagements for Camp-meeting season. Address as above, or to 1461 Clinton Street, St. Louis, Mo.

The meetings on the south side, under the efficient management of Mr. Dalton, are doing a most excellent work. Dr. Carpenter is the regular speaker. The meetings are held at 77 31st street. Dr. Carpenter is a great worker, a good speaker and a genial gentleman.

A certificate comes from Cherryvale, Kansas, signed by fifteen individuals endorsing the mediumship of Geo. Search.

Will J. Post writes: "The idea of new Spiritual song book is a good one. This year at Haslett Park we used the Harp, and Longley's Angel Lyre. We had the best singing that we have ever had. The piece 'Coming Through the Rye,' sang by Mrs. Lora Holton, was sung by request, and at a lyceum. Probably Mr. Glass did not know of this at the time he was writing about the singing at Haslett Park. Mrs. Holton is a fine musician and medium, and as a leader of a choir her equal would be hard to find."

M. M. H. writes: "The book I just received from you by Professor Cadwell, 'Mesmerism and Spiritualism,' is immensely interesting and instructive. All Spiritualists could profit by its perusal. We have just had with us here at Lebanon, Paul Alexander Johnstone, the thought reader. He caused great excitement."

Bishop A. Beals writes from Louisville, Ky.: "I have commenced a second month's engagement here, and I find a good society, well officered, and working in harmony. Doctor McAboy is the right man in the right place in this society, as he comes to the front with his means, making the society a success financially. I like the society and the genial spirit of the officers, and I have had large, interested audiences. THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is welcomed every Sunday, and finds a ready sale at the doors. I can be addressed for engagements at this place at 1014 West Jefferson street."

The Bellevue Gazette, of September 29, gives the following notice of the Spiritualist meetings at the Opera House, Bellevue, Mich.: "Mrs. A. E. Sheets, an inspirational speaker, of Grand Lodge, delivered two eloquent and flowery discourses, containing a large amount of sense and reason. Excellent music was furnished by a mixed quartet, for which Mrs. Sheets and those having the meeting in charge desire to tender sincere thanks."

Lyman C. Howe can be addressed during October at 2702 Olive street, St. Louis, Mo.

L. M. Williams, of Springfield, Mo., writes: "We have Rev. James De Buchanne, Ph. D., with us now, to open the fall and winter meetings. He is a good talker, and tells the truth. He sends solid shots at the false doctrines of the churches."

Dr. Dean Clark, of San Francisco, Cal., is now engaged in writing for different publications in that city, whose editors see the trend of public opinion, and wish to give their readers a little fresh manna from the heavens. He is now preparing an article on the 'Clairvoyance,' a leading magazine, on the subject of spirit photography. It is a review of one by Prof. Coues, that appeared in this month's issue. He showed up the frauds, and Dr. C. will prove the genuine.

Charles A. Hayden, who lives in Maine, says he was highly entertained at the camp meetings, by Moses Hull and A. E. Tisdale.

Mrs. Priscilla D. Baldwin writes: "I write this to inform you that I sat for a picture with Mr. Edgar S. Manville, and the results were more than satisfactory. My dear son, who passed away some years ago, who was a fine inspirational medium, came and nestled his head as close to my face as I could, a habit that he had in earth-life, gazing upon me with a look of most intense love, for he was the embodiment of affection. He had the picture of Mozart, the great musical composer. I am a medium, and he informed me he would appear on my picture, unbeknown to the artist, which he did, and it is a perfect likeness, thus proving the grand truth of our immortality."

The Independent Course of Lectures and Seances, under the management of C. Bird Gould, has opened at Cleveland, Ohio, and continues each Sunday until May. Season tickets \$10, \$7.50 and \$5, depending on location. The following comprise the talent: J. Frank Baxter, Rev. M. J. Savage, Rev. Howard MacQuarry, Rabbi Solomon Schindler, Mrs. R. S. Tuttle, Sidney Dean, Mrs. R. S. Little, Mrs. Jennie B. Hagan, Prof. H. Day Gould, Edgar W. Emerson, and Willard J. Hull. Mr. Gould is worthy of great credit for the interest he has manifested in combining such talent. We hope success will crown his efforts. THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER has a large subscription list in Cleveland, larger undoubtedly than all other Spiritualist papers combined.

H. Dalton writes: "The South Side Pleasure Club will give its first dance of the season on Nov. 1st, at 77 31st street. All are respectfully invited to attend."

Passed to Spirit-Life.

(Please make your obituary notices short, not over ten or fifteen lines, and they will be inserted free. If long, their insertion may be very much delayed.)

Passed to Spirit-life, Sept. 18, 1892, Mary Eliza Shelby, infant daughter of Frank and Alice Shelby, aged five months and 28 days. Services were conducted by Mrs. Emma Nickerson Wane.

Two more of Fulton county's (Ohio) pioneers have passed to spirit-life, William Carter, of Chesterfield, with cancer of the face, and J. J. Storigh, of Wauseon, of consumption. Calmly and tranquilly both arranged their business affairs, and funeral services, etc. Thus God's noblemen pass to another stage of action. We were chosen by them to help weave the golden shroud for their spirit's ascension. Mrs. B. G. Holt.

Tobacco consumption is increasing in Great Britain. For the last year it averaged one and six-tenths pounds per head of the population. In France it averaged nearly two pounds. In England and the consumption of tea is rapidly increasing and coffee diminishing. Cocoa has increased 34 per cent in five years.

SOME EXPERIENCES.

Continued from First Page.

dressed by a voice who gave the name of Anna Baumer; she had lived as a servant girl with Mr. Hull for nine years. Mr. Hull asked her for a test, and she reminded him of the fact that he had bought at his own expense and placed at the head of her grave a tombstone, for which she thanked him, etc.

The circle was large, and therefore no one member of it could get all that was desired. We all received something from departed friends.

So far as materializations are concerned, I must say that I have never seen any that I thought were genuine, although I have only witnessed a few. From what I hear of Farmer Riley I believe his are genuine. On one occasion I asked the table whether a certain seance I had attended was not a fraud all the way through. The answer came promptly: "All genuine but the materialization of the hand and arm."

If we could get rid of the "Punch and Judy," the circus, the fortune-telling, witchery, hocus-pocus, sleight-of-hand, museum kind of character or appearance of these camps, it would be a great step forward. Although not more wonderful, the most satisfactory and convincing of all the tests, perhaps, is the slate-writing test. On a table near a window, in a room full of sunshine, about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, there was placed a tablet of ordinary scratch paper, a number of slates and pencils, sponges, water, etc., and a music-box. I was directed to take a seat at the table, examine it, wash and dry several slates, examine them thoroughly for false bottoms, or tops, etc., and then prepare for the tablet four slips of paper, on each of which I was to write two questions, the character of which was to be known to no person but myself, of course. Each slip was then folded into the smallest possible compass, and all mixed or fumbled up promiscuously together, so that I could not distinguish one from the other. All this was done in the absence of the lady under whose direction I was operating, or while she was standing at the entrance of an adjoining room, at a speaking distance from me.

Being now ready, I notified her of the fact, when she advanced and took a seat at my right, and in front of me placed a very small piece of pencil on a slate and held it under the table with her right hand, her left being free on the top of the table, in the meantime directing me to pick up and hold in my left hand one of the questions prepared. In a very short time I could hear the noise peculiar to slate-writing immediately under the table, which continued uninterruptedly until completed, when it was handed to me.

I glanced first at the bottom to see the signature; I need not say I was surprised to see my deceased brother's name in full, in view of the fact that I had purposely addressed him in the question as brother only. I then looked at the question I held in my left hand, which proved to be the identical one directed to him, and which was so specifically, satisfactorily and wonderfully answered. The next question was likewise answered promptly, and signed by the full name of a deceased sister, whom I had also purposely addressed as sister only, the answer proving specific and satisfactory to the question held in my left hand.

And so were every one of the questions answered promptly, intelligently, satisfactorily and miraculously, the lady herself knowing absolutely nothing about them, and I myself being perfectly ignorant of the particular question held in my hand while its answer was being written. When the questions were all answered it was suggested that I might possibly receive a voluntary message or two, and accordingly we made the effort. Two double slates were then prepared, or rather, four single slates were arranged to represent two double slates. One of these I was directed to locate any place about the room. I selected the top of a folding bed, situated about four or five feet distant. The other slate was held between us, on the top of the table. It was but a minute or two until I heard the writing on both of the slates at the same time. The writing proved to be additional messages, signed by the names of the deceased brother and sister already referred to.

Equally as wonderful to me, however, were the thrilling, amazing, soul-enrapturing inspirational lectures of several hours' duration, delivered by Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, and Mrs. Jennie B. Bagan Jackson, upon subjects about which they knew nothing in their normal state, a fact which was so thoroughly and scientifically tested by Hon. A. B. Richmond, in the case of Mrs. Jackson at least. These lectures were intellectual feats of the very highest character. So also were those delivered by Mr. Richmond, A. B. French, Hudson Tuttle and others.

And now in conclusion, I have simply to say that with the exceptions of the materializations witnessed, of the genuineness or reality of the phenomena I have observed I have not the slightest shadow of doubt. I am absolutely convinced thereof. I am also equally satisfied that it will be utterly impossible to make any person believe they are genuine who have never observed or investigated them. I would not myself credit in the least what I have here written, if told me, even by my own mother, as the most solemn truth. It is simply impossible and unnatural for us to believe these things, or that what we conceive to be natural laws can be suspended in the manner detailed.

While the spiritualistic is certainly the only plausible theory yet advanced for the explanation of these phenomena, I prefer as yet to consider myself and be considered an interested investigator, rather than a full-fledged Spiritualist; although there isn't so much in the name, after all. "A rose by any other name will smell as sweet." I will confess, however, that in the sunlight of these phenomena, the clouds of materialism and agnosticism are fast leaving my mental horizon. In short, I now not only believe but feel that I know there is a future existence.

Many other very interesting results might be here recorded in support of the general proposition that there is beyond all doubt an occult force, powerful and intelligent, manifested under certain conditions. These conditions are yet but very imperfectly interpreted or understood.

When, however, their study becomes more general, more popular, more openly popular, partaking less of the character of superstition, witchcraft,

ghosts, spooks, fortune-telling, hocus-pocus, and general foolishness—when those interested in the scientific study of the subject have sufficient nerve or stamina, even at the risk of disturbing their former religious convictions, to come out openly and aboveboard and talk, write and discuss freely and scientifically the question, though they may be considered asses, cranks and lunatics by those perfectly ignorant of it; in short, when thought is no longer obstructed in its evolution, but is allowed free course, to run and be glorified, then, and not until then, will we make much progress toward a solution, if possible, of the whence and wherefore of these hidden phenomena.

The question will most assuredly work out its own destiny; its evolution may be and is obstructed, but it will evolve, unfold, advance and develop, in spite of all the puny efforts of man to arrest its progress.

Orthodox ministers are constantly observed sneaking away from Chautauqua to Cassadaga to investigate the phenomena of Spiritualism; Catholic priests in disguise are frequently seen on the grounds and in the seances of the latter camp. They all invariably leave Cassadaga in a dazed, dumfounded and otherwise mentally and religiously discomfited condition. We met a Methodist preacher at Chautauqua whom we had previously met at Cassadaga, and had observed him to be an intensely interested spectator. When we had made known to him the fact that we had been brought up in his church, but were now interested in the investigation of Spiritualism, he could no longer withhold expression of his interest in the same subject, and at once proposed that we all (Mr. Hull, my wife and myself) immediately form a circle, and see what we could get. There is no disguising the fact that the interest in these phenomena is rapidly spreading and reaching where it will sooner or later burst out into full bloom—the Christian pulpit.

We are yet in the transition period, in which we are simply dealing with the facts of the manifestations themselves, entirely stripped of every and any attempt to account for them. The bare, naked fact of their appearance, as represented, is the first thing to establish.

Our speculation upon these facts may or may not be worthy of equal credence and consideration; but very much of it will be found rational and satisfactory, and will continue to be held in high esteem until some better solution of the problem is reached, which the present state of science has left unexplained.

I cannot understand, however, why any objection should be or can be reasonably urged against the investigation of these phenomena. The truth certainly can harm no one, and truth is the object of investigation.

Who would be able to estimate the importance of the general results of a general investigation of this subject, participated in by everybody, every family, every society, every church? The only way to settle this question is to meet it fairly and squarely. How can an enemy attack it and remain at so great a distance from it? How can the enemy prevent its advance upon it without throwing up the breastworks of defense? If there is nothing in these phenomena worthy of consideration, the whole question can be crushed, totally annihilated, buried so deep in oblivion that it will never more be resurrected.

What greater, more important missionary field for the Christian church than the job of wiping out the religious or spiritualistic theory of these phenomena? It should not be forgotten, however, that in the presence of these strange phenomena the materialist makes his proper salaam with becoming humility, and the agnostic gets off less pompously and offensively his "I don't know."

H. V. SWERINGEN.

Fort Wayne, Ind.

ADDENDUM.

Since the foregoing was written and mailed, the following experience occurred, which I consider of sufficient importance to add to it:

On Wednesday evening, Sept. 28th last, Mrs. W., my wife and myself sat down to the table. Considerable time had elapsed without getting any manifestations whatever, save a few raps. Beginning to think we were not to have a successful sitting, we engaged in general conversation, pertaining, however, to our experiences. My wife had in the afternoon attended a meeting of the ladies' branch of the Fort Wayne Occult Science Society, and was now relating how almost every one present thereat scented several peculiar odors. One she described as that of new cucumbers, and another as being exactly like that of the incense burned in Catholic churches. At this moment the table tipped and, standing on two legs, awaited the alphabet. I began repeating the letters thereof, when responses came to the letters, O—i—e—a. At this point, Mrs. W., supposing she had anticipated what word was about to be spelled, exclaimed, "Oleander," as having some connection with the odors my wife had been talking about. But this did not prove to be the word the intelligence desired to spell, and, proceeding with our inquiry in the usual manner, we obtained responses to two more letters, r—y, which finished the word Oleander, which we very naturally concluded was intended for the name "O'Leary"—the name of a very popular Catholic priest who died a few years ago. He was a very liberal, social man, beloved by all who knew him, without regard to religious belief. Thanking him heartily for his presence, a number of questions were asked him which were answered pointedly and satisfactorily. He reminded Mrs. W. and myself of having attended his funeral, or rather, of having viewed his remains while they laid in state in the cathedral.

Mrs. W. asked him to give the name of the lady at whose funeral he officiated a short time prior to his own departure, and whose death he so feelingly lamented in conversation with Mrs. W. at Library Hall.

Being perfectly ignorant myself, as was also my wife, of the young lady referred to, I repeated the alphabet, when responses came to the letters: I—r—m—a, which Mrs. W. said was correct without waiting to get the last name, so perfectly satisfactory was it.

I then asked for a test of some kind and, in repeating the alphabet, the responses came to the letters: "g—r—a—p—e—e." That this simple and unexpected word spoke volumes to me will be appreciated by the reader only when considering the following history: A few days before Father O'Leary's death he called at my office upon a more social visit, inasmuch as we had been quite friendly. At this visit he incidentally

referred to a feeling of distress in the right iliac region, and, upon inquiry as to whether or not he had eaten anything unusual, he informed me that he had partaken very freely of grapes. I asked him if he had swallowed the seeds, and he said he had. I then told him he should never do that again; relating cases in my own experience as well as those recorded in the books, where serious and fatal results followed such practice. I then ventured the advice (not being his physician) of the propriety of taking a cathartic properly guarded. This, with the exception of the fact that he deplored his increase in weight (he was the very picture of health) and desired to know how best to prevent obesity, was all that was said in regard to his condition.

I saw him at a distance on the street the next day, and, if I mistake not, the day after. The following day, however, I heard that he was very dangerously sick with peritonitis, to which he speedily fell a victim. So far as I know, there was no post mortem examination made of his case, but the inference was irresistible that the grape-seeds became imbedded in what is called the appendix vermiformis or blind pouch, causing appendicitis, which resulted in a more general acute peritonitis from which he died.

I also asked him to give me the name of one of his associate priests, having in my mind those yet living in the flesh. The first response was to the letter B, and I felt at once assured what name was about to be spelled, there being a priest long and prominently connected with the cathedral, whose name begins with that letter. But instead of spelling out his name, that of "B-e-n-o-i-t" was given. Father Benoit was, I believe, the oldest priest of the cathedral congregation, and passed to the beyond several years prior to the demise of Father O'Leary, also beloved and lamented by all, Protestant and Catholic alike.

DREAMS.

Something of Their Significance.

I have been much interested in reading the article with the above heading which appears in your issue of August 2. May I be permitted to give you an example of a most curious dream I had some years ago, and which came almost literally true? I was living in London at the time, and I had a correspondent in Dublin. This gentleman was a valued and lifelong friend. One New Year's Eve I dreamed that I stood in a spacious, bare-looking entrance-hall. Presently I saw a letter put into the letter-box on the hall door. I went over, took out the letter, which I saw was addressed to myself, and in the handwriting of my friend. I opened it, and found it to contain an oblong piece of bluish paper, partly printed and partly written in red ink. I read it, and it ran as follows:

"Order for the burial of (here came my own name) in (here came the name of a well-known cemetery in the vicinity of Dublin), on the 9th day of June, 18—, in grave (a number)."

I should say I never could recollect any more of the figures. I stood looking at the paper, and as I did so I heard the voice of my friend calling to me. I went over to him and gave him the paper. He read it, and then said, rather testily: "Yes, it's all right; come this way." I followed him upstairs and into a very bare-furnished room, in the very midst of which was a kind of stretcher bedstead with what seemed to be some sheets upon it. He told me to lie down. I did so; he covered me with a sheet; I closed my eyes, and I thought I was dead. Presently some one else came into the room, and they began talking about arrangements for my funeral. I opened my eyes and saw with him a strange man with a short, dark beard. I then seemed to lose consciousness from terror, and awoke, crying bitterly. I wrote and told my friend the dream, and he replied, chaffing me unmercifully about it. However, again and again I dreamed the same dream, and so terrified did I become as June 9 drew near that my friend actually took the trouble to come over to London and took me down to spend the day at Hampton Court. The next New Year's Eve I dreamed the same dream. My friend—who was a medical man—this time insisted upon my coming over to Dublin for a holiday, and to try and forget all about it. The months passed on, and I did not dream it again. We had a foolish disagreement about something or other, and I, standing upon my dignity, did not reply to several of his—I must admit—good, kind and temperate letters. One night in June I was so restless that I lay awake the whole night, and determined to write a contrite letter to him the next day, for it was I who really was in the wrong, but I was too obstinate to admit it. I went down to the British Museum after breakfast, and I returned about 2 o'clock in the afternoon to write my penitent letter. As I entered the hall I saw five telegrams for me upon the hall table. They all told the same tale: my dear friend had died early that morning. It was June 9. I was stunned. A doctor was sent for, who at once ordered me to be taken over to Dublin in order, if possible, to rouse me from my apparent apathy, for I did not shed a tear. I should mention here that some weeks previous to his death my friend had taken a new house in which I had never been, and which was the chief cause of our disagreement. When I arrived in Dublin I was taken at once to the house, and the minute I entered the hall I recognized it as the one I saw so often in my dreams. Moreover, a gentleman came forward to meet me; it was the very man to whom my friend had spoken respecting the arrangements for my funeral. For many years afterwards I kept my friend's letters respecting my dreams. They were seen by many, and I regret to say they were accidentally destroyed but a short time ago. The man with the short, dark beard succeeded to my friend's practice, and took the house. A year afterwards he died in the very room in which my friend died. What I have here told you is well known among my friends.—B. in Light, London.

During a recent severe rainstorm lightning struck the barn of John Speece, near Whiteland, Ind., and although the boards on the four corners were loosened and a wide swath was cut through the hay mow, neither contents nor building took fire. Two horses were in the barn, and the halter of one was cut in two, but the animal was not even stunned.

OUR NEW BIBLE.

said. The impromptu opera-house, a new, half-finished building, with a makeshift stage and scenery, was crowded to overflowing.

The citizens of Scuddy were present almost to a man, and even the cowboys from as far as the Yellowhammer and Spade ranches were in attendance. Jack Bates, with a bouquet clutched in his hand, occupied a prominent position and applauded every part of the performance with impartial vigor.

The performance had been going on for some time when the yellow-haired tenor appeared. He came upon the stage with unsteady, stumbling steps. His yellow hair was tossed about, and his face was drawn and pallid. When he began to sing the audience regarded him with marked disfavor. He was intoxicated, they thought. His tones were inharmonious and often almost harsh and broken by choking catches, now and then, as if the singer had smothered a sob in his throat. Then as his voice soared up, in a triumphant burst of music, it broke in a discordant, croak-like sound that completely destroyed the melody.

The cowboys began to hiss, and Jack Bates expressed his disfavor in an audible growl. The singer did not heed them, but continued the discordant and often half-inaudible song, as if it had been the most delightful melody in the world.

The cowboys yelled their disapproval at the top of their voices, and one or two fired off their pistols by the way of protest.

The tenor ceased, and one of the ladies began a song that was like the sweet music of a lark's liquid notes. A wild shout of applause arose from the cowboys, and Jack Bates stood up and cast his bouquet upon the stage. The yellow-haired man leaned wearily against one of the supports of the impromptu scenery. Then, as his turn came again, he broke into the lady's happy song with his doleful, tuneless croak.

The cowboys gave a howl of disgust and wrath, and half a dozen of them started towards the stage, as if to wreak summary vengeance upon the miserable singer.

He ceased just as they reached the stage. Bending forward he seized the bouquet that Jack Bates had thrown to the lady, and, without a word, the yellow-haired man disappeared from the view of the audience. They heard the door of the back entrance slam behind him. Jack Bates, with a shout of wrath, dashed down the aisle and out into the darkness, followed by the half dozen irate cowboys and a few others.

A light was shining from the vine-clad window in the "L" of the hotel when the angry little crowd reached it. The cowboys were rushing into the hotel and severely rubbing the offending singer, but Jack Bates restrained them.

"Hold on," he said. "Let's see what the coward's doin' first."

"Like to see he's hidin' under the bed," growled one.

Jack Bates gazed through the interlaced vines a moment and then stepped back.

"What's he up to?" asked one.

"Look fer yerself," Jack whispered. One by one they peered in through the morning-glory vines, and each drew back without a word. Within the room the yellow-haired man was kneeling beside the bed, with his face buried in his hands. His slight frame was shaking with sobs.

The little, pinched face of the baby was white now, and the painful gasping for breath had ceased. The baby had died alone while the father was away.

The little hands were folded across the small bosom, and upon them lay Jack Bates' bouquet.

No sound came from the little mob outside except one, when the jingles on a cowboy's spur clanked against a fellow, and there was a sound from Jack Bates like an ill-suppressed sob.

A dark figure came among them, and whispered for the crowd to follow him. It was the man who had called the yellow-haired tenor to the performance.

"Boys," he said simply, "his wife died last month, leaving him alone in the world except for the baby. Last week the child was stricken with the fever, and has grown worse since. Hardly a moment at a time has the baby been out of his arms for the last few days and nights, and all that time he has hardly closed his eyes for an instant in sleep. He has missed his meals to-day for fear his absence would disturb the baby. The baby's dead now. That's all, boys."

A few moments later an awkward squad, consisting of Jack Bates and the cowboys, entered the room where the yellow-haired man knelt by the dead baby. Their hats were off and their heads were bowed.

The man who had spoken outside was with them.

"Paul," he said, "here are some friends who wish to speak to you."

The yellow-haired man rose to his feet and confronted them without a word. Jack Bates cleared his throat and began awkwardly:

"Pardner," said he, "yere's a leetle bundle we found in the road just now. Hit belongs to you and the dead baby."

They turned and fled out into the darkness.

The tenor's comrade opened the little package that Jack Bates had placed on the bed. When the old, soiled handkerchief was untied, there was revealed a little heap of money—gold, silver and notes to a goodly amount—the gift of Jack Bates and the cowboys.

Those who read THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER'S New Bible should learn from this narrative a divine lesson, and never brutally condemn any one until they have learned all the facts in the case; and they should recognize this sublime fact that it is never too late to do a good act.

She Objected.

A religious fanatic in Monroe county, Tennessee, tried a few days ago to persuade his wife to let him crucify her for the sins of the cholera sufferers. The poor fellow was arrested by the civil authorities, and is now in custody. If God needs another sacrifice to appease his wrath, would it not be well to select Joe Blankinship as the victim, instead of the wife who rebelled at the proposed crucifixion.

In one of the towns of Illinois a banker put his private mark on the money he paid out one Saturday night to the wage-workers of the town who patronized his bank. Of the \$700 thus paid out over \$300 came back to him on Monday from the drinking saloons in the districts.

PHENOMENAL.

Through the Mediumship of Geo. Cole.

TO THE EDITOR:—Herewith are three spirit communications. The communications from John Quincy Adams and Charles Sumner were written by the visiting spirits through the process of independent spirit writing, and the one from Wendel Phillips was spoken.

I have asked the controlling spirit why it was that so many of the anti-slavery orators and statesmen came to our circle. The answer was that "they found favorable mediumistic and other conditions, and they also found that you were so sympathetic and co-operative that you would, to the fullest extent, give wide publicity to their communications, and further their well-matured plans for continued communications with the mortal world." The foregoing is not the literal, but the substantial answer given me. I will write more on this subject at another time.

John Quincy Adams was the sixth president, preceding Gen. Jackson in that great office. Mr. Adams, for fifteen years after the expiration of his presidential term of office, served his constituents and the American people in the House of Representatives, winning a reputation for learning, usefulness and a high order of statesmanship such as has never been surpassed.

It is certainly a subject for congratulation that the Adamses, Sumners and Phillips of a past generation can come into our seance rooms, write messages and renew their earth-life labors, leaving with us the evidence of their presence and power in the original manuscript, which they—each one of them—have written "with their own spirit-hands."

Mr. Adams describes this transcendent spirit manifestation as the "materialization of thought through the instrumentality of paper and pencil, through which this (his) communication is made."

Our two last spirit circles have been directed by Claudius Applus, a spirit of exceptional power, who was a denizen of earth nineteen hundred years ago.

CHAS. R. MILLER.

Brooklyn, N. Y., 2481 Atlantic Ave.

POTENT THOUGHTS IN REFERENCE TO SPIRITUALISM.

Here is a man about five feet ten inches in height, gray hair and side whiskers, dressed in ordinary citizen's dress. He has a cool, calculating and self-possessed way with him.

In making this manifestation, I am well aware of the importance arising from what I may say to every one with whom it may come in contact. Spirits are not thoughtless of the position they occupy, even before those who have a full knowledge of the life which I exemplify on this occasion. There is not a syllable dropped in a spiritual manifestation which is not freighted with a significance almost beyond the calculation of mortal beings, therefore spiritual manifestations are not occurrences subject to trifling dispositions of mortals, nor are they to be considered in any other light than that of a sacred trust.

Every manifestation is a bond between the spiritual and the mortal. They say it occupies a neutral ground where both worlds may meet, renew old associations, and advance mortals to that plane where they may approximate to the life just before them.

Spiritualism is not a religion; neither is it a philosophy; it is simply a fact with conclusive evidence of immortality, demonstrated in various ways, and more palpably at the cabinet where mortals may see the material, spiritualized forms of friends, whose mortal remains have long since returned to the dust from which they came.

Though a fact, demonstrated as I have suggested, it yet teaches a code of morals whereby peace and harmony, love and fraternity may be the distinguishing elements of every community.

There are other lessons to be drawn from this great truth, among the prominent of which I may mention the respectful regard man may have for man where his soul may rise from the selfish conditions of mortal affairs, and recognize the fact that, divested of worldly surroundings, one is as much a child of the Creator as the other; and since all are children, deriving their origin from the one great source, they are as much brothers and sisters as a consanguineous relationship of any domestic mortal family.

It will be perceived that our purpose in reaching the mortal world is not to mislead or deceive, but to instruct, elevate and teach mankind the lesson that equality, at the last, is the only condition whereby true happiness may exist.

In retrospection I observe much to be thankful for since my advent into spirit-life. The few thousands who possessed the sublime knowledge of spiritual life and return are now multiplied into millions, and though an adverse sentiment and inimical public press have sought to throw every possible obstacle in the way of our progress, yet many of our most bitter opponents have awakened to the realization of the truth, and have now become our warm and zealous advocates.

So much for the past. What of the future? The sun, which has just commenced to dawn, throws rosy tints of promise upon the horizon, and warns us to active life many who, through mere indifference, would permit opportunities of acquisitive knowledge to escape them. Others, who have had but faint perceptions of what their instincts told them

existed beyond their immediate surroundings, will also join in the procession, and by force of example and otherwise, this great army will acquire accessions of numbers as the years roll on, until at last the vanguard will be in one world while the rear guard will be in the other.

I believe I have now stated the case in such light that none can fail to understand that Spiritualism will be not only the asylum and refuge for all sects and creeds, but will also be the tie that will bind man to man, and reveal his true relation to his Maker.

Mortal friend, Spiritualism is something that is demonstrated in palpable form at all times and at every place. And believe me when I say that as reason develops and civilization advances it can be the only condition upon which immortal happiness can be secured.

WENDEL PHILLIPS.

THE LESSONS LEARNED FROM MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

Modern Spiritualism has become so numerically strong, and has made such rapid advances in the last few years, that erudites and scientists have made it the engrossing theme which illustrates the closing years of the nineteenth century—a subject of research and investigation.

The varied phenomena emanating from that world of light, of which theology can merely mention without giving any satisfactory account, have arrested the attention of the learned and wise of every civilized country.

The manifestations of inhabitants or spirits from that world—relatives and friends whose mortal bodies had been interred in convenient cemeteries, and whose graves are, perhaps, flower-decked—are proving by irrefutable demonstration that life is immortal, and that mortal existence is a temporary condition—a phase limited in duration and possibilities by the circumstances in which it is involved. That mortal life is a result and not a cause is shown in the fact that in individuals it terminates in death and its inanimate form disappears in the grave, and only remembrance remains of previous associations, while the history of mortal birth and development declines, and death is repeated at every instant of time, and even the possessions of the deceased are scattered and lost in the rapid flight of time.

The cause of mortal existence has been a problem of which theology and science have never been able to offer any intelligent solution, and mortals have groped in the dark, not knowing whence they came nor whither they are to go; the origin, and future, of their existence was a mystery too impenetrable for their understandings. The problem found its solution at Hydesville some forty years ago, not through mortal investigation, but through the manifestations of departed spirits who thus inaugurated the phenomena which has been known as Modern Spiritualism to this day and age.

Modern Spiritualism has cleared up much of the fogs and mists which have hung over the souls of men for so many centuries of time, and now that the clear light of truth has commenced to shine in the darkened recesses of a time-worn theology, mortals are engaged in such investigations that discover the truth by the presence of immortality through raps upon the table, impressions upon the public rostrum, materialization of spiritual forms from the darkened cabinet, and materialization of thought through the instrumentality of paper and pencil, through which process this communication is made to the general public. Finally, the origin of mortal life is spiritual life, and both are combined in the cause of Modern Spiritualism.

J. Q. ADAMS.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE RACE.

Life consists of two phases: the mortal and immortal states of existence. Both are subordinate to a principle governing the relations of life, whether in the celestial or the terrestrial, and that principle becomes active in the ratio of development from one plane to another, first as the latent powers in man are called into being by some event, some necessity for action, some critical position involving danger, menacing the very life-condition with change and destruction. This principle becomes apparent in times of peril and danger, when whole communities will assemble together for mutual protection. A convulsion of nations will force many people together at a familiar point; people even who were living in enmity, the one great principle of life asserting itself and demonstrating the relation existing between man and man. This principle is a common brotherhood, which may be hidden and ignored in the mad race of mortal affairs for the selfish individual acquirement of position and wealth; yet when a common calamity threatens, that principle of brotherhood brings all men into their true relationship, the one to the other, and for the time animosities, rivalries and enmities are forgotten in the general rush for self-preservation.

All people, whether spirits or mortals, are children of God. God is their one parent and His children are brothers and sisters in one vast common family.

In mortal life this principle is recognized and practiced by several communities who live in common property rights, in mutual affection and esteem, and attract by a prosperous and happy condition those who have advanced beyond the mere social limits set to restrain and subjugate the spirit to systems that can but enslave the refined, brutalize the more venturesome and independent, fill prisons with malefactors and keep human life in constant jeopardy.

In spiritual life this principle of brotherhood is of universal practice; all are brothers and sisters there. The one common relationship governs all, hence peace, love, harmony, equality, mutual aspirations and constant progressive development to higher and more exalted planes of advancement and unfoldment.

(CONTINUED ON EIGHTH PAGE.)

Long Branch—The Beautiful New Resort of Eminent Mediums.

TO THE EDITOR.—Mrs. M. E. Williams, the well-known materializing medium, of New York, a few years since purchased a fine tract of land at this fashionable seaside resort, and erected thereon the well-known Holland Hall. Since that time she has gradually been drawing around her the best mediumistic talent in the United States, and her beautiful grounds bid fair to vie in popularity with the far-famed Casadaga, ere many seasons come and go, with the difference that this is not in any sense a camp. This autumn the many friends of Mrs. Williams will build a commodious auditorium dedicated to the use of those noble bands of spirits who are ever working for humanity, and whose instruments are in need of the vitalizing, health-giving sea-breeze. It would be impossible for any one to come for a day to this park without being impressed with the earnestness of all whom he meets. Where are all the odd-looking people who are supposed by many to be a concomitant of Spiritualism? There is not one to be seen here! On the contrary, among the numbers who have congregated here during the summer it would be difficult to find one who has not high intelligence; and in regard to dress, it is, when not ultra-fashionable, always elegant, and in harmony with culture and comfort. And indeed it needs a person of strong intellectual capacity, trained in all departments of human thought, to follow and comprehend most of the discourses that are delivered from the spiritual rostrum of Holland Hall.

The two greatest stars, however, that the writer has had an opportunity of hearing were Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, of Chicago, and Mrs. Walcott, of Baltimore. The last Sunday afternoon in August, Mrs. Richmond lectured, under inspiration, in the grove. Her discourse was most remarkable. Before delivering her lecture proper, subjects for her to make remarks upon were sent up by the audience, and as the chairman read them out she delivered short essays. The subjects were extremely diverse, yet she handled them without the slightest hesitation, and in a manner most masterly. Then she lectured upon "The Future of Spiritualism" in a way which the most rabid unbeliever in Spiritual philosophy could not help admiring.

It is the consensus of opinion here that great mediums like Mrs. Richmond and Mrs. M. E. Williams are not made—like great poets, they are born. They are not the product of schools, they occur sparingly in the course of nature.

Mrs. Williams continues her seances, and they present a field for investigation so vast, so illicitly expansive that it can only be compared in immensity to the measureless depths of human ignorance in matters of the first importance to man. It seems strange that subjects which are occupying the thoughts of the people who attend these seances have not been seriously considered by the world at large. Yet these things concern every soul upon the globe; and if what is propounded by spirit Holland in this cabinet is true, as those who have heard it firmly believe it is, then the majority of mankind are ignorant of the grandest solace that could come to the heart of man.

The unbeliever in spiritual phenomena is looked upon here with a sort of curious pity, and it is wondered where he has been not to know that the facts of the philosophy have long ago been put beyond all question. To doubt that spirits manifest themselves to mortals intelligently in various ways, seems to those whom you meet in this quiet, elegant spiritual resort as sheer, stupid ignorance.

The lessons taught by spirit Holland, spirit Frank Cushman and Bright Eyes are thoroughly practical, and prove of great benefit to those desiring individual unfoldment or preparation for a higher life. These seances are of much value in the improvement of the physical health. The welfare of each individual is earnestly considered, and practical advice and instruction given. The teachings are to save your own soul from such states as you deplore in others, and to accomplish goodness by the goodness of your own practical life. That the kingdom of heaven, as well as all possibilities for good or evil are "within you," is a fundamental idea of these teachings; and to make man acquainted with himself—the true, spiritual man—by opening a conscious pathway of knowledge and understanding possible to him the end sought to be obtained.

There are also a number of children here who are being trained in the exercise of those virtues which enrich the soul and prepare it for those higher functions of immortality.

Among the visitors we must not omit the famous healing medium, Mrs. Orson Goodwin, of New York. There is an indomitable sturdiness and honesty in all that she says and does, and she might well be denominated a mother of Spiritualism, having graduated from her parlors in New York a great number of well-known workers in the cause. This venerable and handsome featured woman has given some remarkable morning talks under the pine trees here. She is very intelligent and attractive, and is doing a great work among those who are afflicted by disease.

Dr. Johnson has been an attendant at the meetings and seances. He is a brilliant star in the firmament spiritual, and has done some miraculous cures this summer.

Mrs. Rachel Walcott, who has been passing some time here, has interested the friends by able discourses and illustrations of mediumistic power in her special ways. Mrs. Walcott, over twenty years on the Spiritualist rostrum, is a speaker of great force under control.

For years the regular speaker before the Baltimore Society of Spiritualists, she has given such satisfaction that, with six exceptions, she has always occupied her post during the past seven years. Faithful, liberal-minded, earnest and keen, all who know her find in her a clear expounder of the highest order of Spiritualism.

Among the visitors here is the Hon. Judge D. D. McKoon, deeply interested in Spiritual philosophy. The Judge, widely known throughout the country in legal and political circles, is a keen-edged and scholarly man of high scientific attainments. He has proceeded step by step in his investigations with rigid caution and cold-blooded scrutiny. He occupies a fine cottage in Manhasset avenue, near Holland Hall. There is no greater triumph for modern Spiritualism than the enlistment of this shrewd jurist into its ranks.

During the whole course of these meetings, instituted and promulgated by Mrs. Williams, the weather has been perfect, and every occasion one of delight and instruction, while those who ministered to us are much pleased with the Holland Hall resort, and will, many of them, make it their future summer home.

L. D. S.

Two Materializations at Liberal, Missouri.

TO THE EDITOR.—On the 30th of August the writer visited the Spiritual camp meeting of Liberal, Mo., and found a very beautifully located and well-arranged grounds, with fair attendance. We made the acquaintance of Spiritualists from four different States, among whom was the eminent writer and thinker, Prof. J. R. Buchanan. There appeared to be mediums for all forms of manifestations present. We attended a seance by Mrs. Thompson. The usual committee of inspection made a thorough examination of the cabinet, and reported fraud impossible. A dozen or more full forms came out, so that the faces, when turned to the light, were plainly perceptible. All the spirits were recognized by their friends. It being our first experience in this kind of manifestation we were surprised at the length of time the spirits stayed in view, and at the conversation maintained with their friends. One gentleman so far forgot himself at the appearance of his daughter that he took hold of her arm and slapped her on the shoulder or back. He said that there was no appearance of any bone in the materialized form. Taking the entire seance, it was a grand reunion, and bore the evidence of genuine spirit return.

Our next seance was by Mr. Winniss, medium. He submitted to test conditions. After the committee had examined his room he was seated, and his coat sleeves sewed to his pantaloons at his knees; his bare feet were in flour, and his hands were filled with flour. The influence soon manifested. Maud, the principal control, soon came, and was all life. She kept the meeting all enraptured by her repeated calls and mirthful expressions. There were in all about twenty forms which came out of the cabinet, all being recognized by their friends and relatives. Some of the scenes were extremely touching.

A Mr. Smith, from Galena, Kansas, had come here under promise to meet his little daughter, who had lately passed on to the better land. He was disappointed in our first meeting at Mrs. Thompson's, but at this meeting he met and fully recognized his dear one, and what a glorious reunion! We never can forget her sweet, child-like talk as she held him by the hand and told of her mother. One lady asked her if she did not desire to come back here. "Oh! no," said she; "we have such a good time up there," pointing toward the other world.

Professor J. R. Buchanan said it was the first manifestation he had ever witnessed. By the way, a niece of the doctor's materialized. He said he clearly and fully identified her as such, both by looks and conversation. A Mr. Mills, an acquaintance of mine, met his sister and also his brother, who passed away last January. He came out in full Master Mason's regalia, advanced to the middle of the room and made a sign, and then approached his brother, took him by the hand, and after a long conversation, Mr. Mills stated to those present that it was John Mills, his brother; that he was very positive in his knowledge of identity.

Many different forms materialized outside of the cabinet, and after a few moments would dematerialize. A spirit came out and began a manipulating process in the middle of the floor, and soon white gauze began to appear. He kept on until he had about three yards in length, by three-quarters wide. This he passed around to and over the heads of the people, letting them handle and examine it. Of the materializations at this seance, there were spirits of various sizes—from the tall man and woman down to the little infant.

R. M. JONES.

Notes from Webster, Maine.

TO THE EDITOR.—The Spiritual meeting, held in the People's Church in this place on Sunday, September 11th, was fully attended by an intelligent and highly interested audience. Both morning and afternoon the meeting was addressed by Dr. L. F. Webster, of this town, and Mrs. Nellie F. Thomas, of the old pilgrim town of Plymouth, Mass., in a highly interesting, entertaining and instructive manner.

Dr. Webster is an easy and forcible speaker, sending conviction of honesty and sincerity directly home to the heart, as well as the understanding, of his hearers. He is one of the best and most forcible speakers I have had the pleasure of listening to in the Spiritual field in a long time. In fact, I may say he is a natural orator.

Mrs. Burbeck is an excellent platform test medium, as well as trance speaker and psychometric reader, and on this occasion gave many clear and convincing tests, with names and particulars, which were fully recognized by those in the audience to whom they were given. Her psychometric readings were clear and concise, and pronounced correct.

Dr. Webster is open for engagements with Spiritual societies anywhere, and may be addressed at Webster, Maine. Mrs. Burbeck will make engagements for holding meetings in New England. Her address is Plymouth, Mass.

L. A. P.

Seance with the Medium in Sight.

TO THE EDITOR.—Having returned to San Francisco after a ten weeks' visit in Oregon, I thought your readers would like to hear of the wonders in materialization I have seen at Mrs. Lizzie R. Fulton's of this city. She has no cabinet, simply a piece of black muslin as a curtain for the occasion. She does not advertise her seances, but those who attend once are anxious to go again. The gas is lowered, and the medium sits outside the curtain, in full view of the audience; then spirit forms show themselves from within, and on her entering inside the curtain spirits materialize outside, coming from the ceiling to the floor in a cloud, as it were, then take form and shake hands with the friends assembled, speaking words of consolation to them, and then dematerialize before them. Last Sunday Mrs. Dr. Cook said her spirit friends had requested her to put two slates behind the curtain, as they had something important to communicate. This was done, and she got a slate full of writing, while on the other were two faces, perfect in form, one the son of Dr. Kemema, the other of Louise, one of the medium's controls, who is very facetious. Over their heads was a string of roses and leaves in green and pink; above this the names were given of the portraits. Underneath a message from the doctor's spirit bride. I understand he intends to have this photographed. One evening lately five ladies and a little girl met at Mrs. Fulton's, when she kindly proposed a dark circle. The gas was turned off and we joined hands. Immediately lights floated in every direction, in all colors and sizes. Spirit voices were heard, names given, and we were touched from behind and before, and hands firmly laid upon our heads. This circle was given without money and without price. Mrs. Fulton is very unpretentious, but she is a remarkable clairvoyant, slate-writer, trance and materializing medium, and always ready to help those in sorrow or trouble.

Oh! glorious Spiritualism, which gives us back our loved ones in a noiseless, loving way which cannot be doubted, and which is slowly but surely undermining the darkness and oppression of theology and bigotry, and lighting up with effulgent rays of purity and truth the souls of men; also proving, without question, that though a man die he shall live again, on and on through time and eternity forever.

MARIAN K. LA RANSIER.

San Francisco, Cal.

Items from Kansas City, Mo.

TO THE EDITOR.—After enjoying a six weeks' vacation, we again took up the work of teaching others of the beauties to be found only in the beautiful philosophy of Spiritualism, and I want to emphasize the way we commenced by saying that we had Willard J. Hull to open our term. Every Spiritualist knows what a fearless, true-hearted manner is his. I am proud of Mr. Hull, and particularly so because we were fortunate enough to have him in our city.

Following Mr. Hull came that peerless woman, Mrs. Jennie Hagan-Jackson, for a month's engagement. She has already endeared herself to the hearts of a large number of our Spiritualists. Oh for thousands of such teachers, to show the world by precept and example how to save themselves from themselves.

Mrs. Maude Lord-Drake, who has been so persecuted by our zealous officials, is in our city now, and is assisting us in our work each Sunday as only she can do. All of the real, true Spiritualists here are her staunch friends. A large number have gathered at the courthouse on several occasions to hear the farce that is being enacted in the name of Justice. It makes one's blood boil to see the underhandedness of all concerned in Mrs. Drake's persecution. But her noble husband and her guides say that the end will be right for her.

I wish to say that we have a few months of the years 1892 and 1893 open yet for lectures. Please take notice, and act accordingly.

E. H. GATES.

Cor. 24th and Holly Sts., Kansas City, Mo.

Something Good to Know.

TO THE EDITOR.—Allow me to present to the readers of your valuable paper a few facts in regard to the mediumship of Mr. F. E. Pierce, of Osego, Mich. He has lately developed into a most wonderful phase of mediumship. I visited a seance given by him a short time ago, and the manifestations were wonderful. He differs from most mediums. The curtain was put up across one corner of a room which I examined thoroughly. I also examined the medium, and I am profoundly convinced he had nothing concealed about the cabinet or person. The organ was played and the manifestations commenced. Pierce was in the cabinet, but soon came out. The manifestations seemed to be the same whether the medium was in the cabinet or not. Hands were materialized; also faces, one of which I recognized. This takes place while the medium sits four feet from the cabinet, and with a bright light. Slates were passed in the cabinet; my handkerchief also. I don't care to have it done again, for it was tied in a twinkle so that it was difficult to untie it. Fraud in this case was impossible. While Mr. Pierce is not thoroughly developed, still I believe he will make a powerful medium, for his phase of mediumship differs so much from others. The idea of manifestations taking place when the medium was four feet from the cabinet is something I believe has not been done before. I can say it is the most wonderful manifestation that I have had the privilege to attend heretofore.

CYRUS BRADLEY.

"Ingersoll's Address Before the New York Unitarian Club." The first time in the history of the world that a Christian Association ever invited a noted infidel to lecture before them. The lecture is a grand one, and was received by the Club with continuous applause from beginning to end. The pamphlet contains 12 pages, beautifully printed. Price, 6 cents; ten copies, 50 cents. For sale at this office.

At Work in Ohio.

Mrs. Katea and self have been at work in Ohio since July. We must say that the cause seems to possess adherents who shall make this section a leading factor in the great progress that the spirits have ordained for humanity. Northern Ohio is filled with earnest Spiritualists. The future is bright for the unfoldment of organized efforts. Each town and city possesses a working contingent. The country districts are replete with earnest souls who enjoy the meetings as city folks cannot. The good farmers of the Western Reserve are intelligent, prosperous and zealous. From camp-meeting town to hall meetings is a radical change; but it has not affected us because we have not yet gone back to the bustling city. At Defiance, Ohio, we had the enjoyments of a beautiful little city, from where we could easily converse with the woods, and drink the pure air laden with scents of the fields. Our meetings there during September were highly successful if we could judge by attendance and attention. Brothers W. P. Sanford and P. P. Kingsbury were whole-souled in their efforts to present the truths of Spiritualism. Brother Sanford especially, is untiring. Our meetings were due to his energy. The hospitality of Dr. D. P. Aldrich and wife made for us a green spot in memory that truly became an oasis in our itinerancy. It was a "home" for us all too brief. While with Dr. Aldrich we witnessed that he is curing consumption. He administers a medicated vapor in an air-tight closet. In two weeks I saw marked improvement in his patients. The spirits say it is a great boon to the consumptives.

We held a grove meeting at the Wentworth Grove near Hicksville, August 29th. It was highly enjoyable and well attended.

We served the Ober Union Association at their annual meeting held at Burton, October 1st and 2d. The meetings were large and excellent. The large town hall was well filled each night. The music furnished was inspiring. This association is made up principally of farmers, and seems to be a good working force. They enjoy the meetings and fraternize in a commendable manner. We are to hold meetings at Burton Station, Middlefield, Mantua Station, Darrowville, etc. There is a good field here for a circuit that would keep a worker busy. They want us to engage in it, but we have so much pressure for service that we fail to see our way clear. This section is attractive to us; the land is high and the atmosphere pure. We are visiting upon the highest point in Ohio, and can see many miles each way beautiful farm lands, wooded tracts, and several towns. The views are most excellent, almost equaling the magnificence of the grand mountains. It is comforting to all public laborers to see that the people are growing an interest in the truths they espouse. The dawn of a spiritual era is close at hand. Let us prepare to serve the highest wants of human nature.

G. W. KATES.

Burton, Ohio, Oct. 4.

A House and Its Inmates Captured.

THE FIRST SOCIETY UP IN ARMS—OF LOVE.

On Tuesday evening, October 4th, a large number of the First Society of Spiritualists of Chicago, and their friends, armed with baskets and bundles of all sizes and descriptions, assembled at the Northwestern depot, and marshaling their forces proceeded to Rogers Park, upon fun and mischief bent, the object being to take the residence of their pastor, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond by storm. The invading army reached the house about 6:30, and it is by no means derogatory to the defense of the household to say that the surprise was so complete that the garrison not only capitulated without a struggle, but also received their conquerors with open arms of welcome, and for the time being resigned themselves to their fate, as prisoners of love. Once inside the citadel, it was but the work of a few minutes to illuminate with Chinese lanterns, to spread the feast, and to celebrate the victory with enthusiastic rejoicing.

The good things provided having been partaken of, and the ice cream having vanished, a little "speechifying" conveyed to the vanquished an idea of their true position. Words of love and devotion to her, to her husband, her household, and the cause she so wonderfully represents, flowed in from all sides, and none whose privilege it was to be there could for a moment doubt that the demonstration was the spontaneous outburst of a love deep and tender, a devotion perfect and sincere. The time passed all too quickly; but railway companies are inexorable, and the train had to be made. Very reluctantly the party realized that one of the most delightful evenings in the history of the society must come to an end, and with that generosity so characteristic of great natures, once more restored the keys of the citadel to the vanquished and helpless captives, and with a parting blessing left them to the quiet enjoyment of their charming home, whilst the merry party returned to the city, to dream of a pastor so tenderly beloved, and of the many similar happy hours it had been their privilege to enjoy during the sixteen years of her faithful and loving ministrations.

CAROLINE CATLIN, Sec. First Society.

Expresses Her Gratitude.

TO THE EDITOR.—Mrs. Margaret Fox-Kane has removed to 456 West Fifty-seventh street, and desires to express her gratitude to the editor of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and the many noble and liberal Spiritualists that have sent their contributions to Mr. F. F. Cook and myself in her behalf. She hopes that she will be able to contribute much more to the cause of Spiritualism.

TITUS MERRITT.

319 West 54th St., New York.

"Something in the air!" So says Brother Jonathan, who appears in all his glory on our third page. He assures us that it is of a noble, beneficent character, and he thinks THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER man will catch on to it for his Fall and Winter Campaign.

EXCELLENT BOOKS!

They Are for Sale at This Office.

- ALL ABOUT DEVILS.** BY MOSES HULL. A work you should read. Price 15 cents.
- AGE OF REASON.** BY THOMAS PAINE. A book that all should read. Price 50 cents.
- A FEW PLAIN WORDS REGARDING** Church Taxation. It contains valuable statistics. By Richard B. Westbrook. Price 5 cents.
- AN AMERICAN KING AND OTHER STORIES.** BY MRS. M. A. FROEMAN. These sketches are a most powerful illustration of man's cruelty and injustice to his fellow man. Price 10 cents.
- ANTIQUITY UNVEILED. ANCIENT VOICES** from the spirit realm. Disclosed the most startling revelations, proving Christianity to be of heathen origin. Antiquity Unveiled has 625 pages, a fine engraving of J. M. Roberts, Esq., editor of Mind and Matter. Price \$1.50. Postage 12 cents.
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- POEMS.** BY EDITH WILLIS LINN. A volume of sweet outpourings of a gentle nature who has no thought of the bitter cruelty of earth-life. These are sweet, winsome and restful. Price \$1.00.
- RELIGION. BY E. D. RABBITT, M. D. IF** all could be led to believe in such a religion the world would be a better place. Few writers excel Mr. Rabbitt in power and disposition to apply the facts of history and science. Price \$1.25. Postage 10 cents.
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- SECRETS FROM THE CONVENT OF THE SACRED HEART.** BY HUDSON TUTTLE. Author of "Arcana of Nature," "Ethics of Science," "Science of Man," etc. Hudson Tuttle was threatened with death for writing and publishing this book, which has been a phenomenal run in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. Post paid anywhere, 50 cents. Paper edition, 25 cents.
- SOLAR BIOLOGY.** BY HIRAM E. BUTLER. A scientific method of delineating character; diagnosing disease; determining mental, physical and business qualifications; and adapting a wide field of literature with the most critical analysis to the individual. It is doubtless the most inspiring, embodying the principles and virtues of the spiritual philosophy, set to the most cheerful and popular music, tenacity of mind, and adapted to all occasions. It is doubtless the most attractive work of the kind ever published. Its beautiful songs, duets and quartets, with piano, organ or melodeon accompaniment, adapted both to public meetings and the social circle. Cloth, \$2.00. Postage 14 cents.
- THE PRIEST, THE WOMAN, AND THE CONFESSIONAL.** BY FATHER CHINLEY. A stirring account of the diabolism of the Romish priests, worked through the confessional. Price \$1.00.
- THE CONTRAST.** BY MOSES HULL. A comparison between Evangelicalism and Spiritualism. In the keenest and most easy style of life and versatile author. To those who are in doubt as to which is the true religion, this book is indispensable. Price \$1.00.
- THE MYTH OF THE GREAT DELUGE.** Something you should have to refer to. By James M. McCann. Price 15 cents.
- THE CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM.** A manual, with directions for the organization and management of Sunday schools. By Andrew Jackson Davis. Something indispensable. Price 50 cents.
- THE SPIRITS' WORK. WHAT I HEARD,** saw, and felt at Casadaga Lake. By H. L. Sydnem. It is a pamphlet that will sell perusal. Price 15 cents.
- THERAPEUTIC SARCOCOLONY. THE AP-** plication of Sarcocolla, the Science of the Soul, Brain and Body, to the Therapeutic Philosophy and Treatment of Body and Mind Diseases by means of Electricity. Nervous, Medicinal and Haemopoietic, with a Review of Authors on Animal Magnetism and Massage, and presentation of New Instruments for Electrotherapy. By Joseph Rodas Buchanan, M. D. A perfect mine of rare knowledge. A large work. Price \$5.00.
- THE RELIGION OF MAN.** BY HUDSON TUTTLE. His works are always intensely interesting. Price \$1.50.
- THE WORLD'S SIXTEEN CRUCIFIED SAV-** iors. By Kersey Graves. You should read it, and be the wiser. Price \$1.25.
- THE QUESTION SETTLED. A CAREFUL** comparison of Biblical and modern Spiritualism. By Moses Hull. An invaluable work. Price \$1.00.
- THE RELIGION OF SPIRITUALISM. ITS** philosophy and philosophy. By Rev. Samuel Watson. This work was written by a modern Saviour, a grand and noble man. Price \$1.00.
- THE SOUL, ITS NATURE, RELATIONS** and Expressions in human Embodiments. Given through Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, by her guides. A book that every body should read who are interested in re-incarnation. Price \$1.00.
- THE SCIENTIFIC BASIS OF SPIRITUALISM.** By E. H. Sargent. A work of profound research, by one of the ablest men of the age. Price \$1.50; postage 10 cents.
- VIEWS OF OUR HEAVENLY HOME.** BY ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS. Highly interesting. Postage 5 cents. Price 75 cents.
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- JESUS AND THE MEDIUMS, OR CHRIST** and mediumship. By Moses Hull. A pamphlet well worth reading. Price 15 cents.
- DEATH AND AFTER LIFE.** BY ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS. Something you should read. Price 75 cents.
- DEMANDS OF ALL PROGRESSIVE MINDS** for a pure, Christian, non-sectarian doctrine, and a review of the ancient religious ideas. By Rev. S. Weyner. Pamphlet something good to read. Price 15 cents.
- THE GOSPEL OF THE FUTURE.** BY M. L. SHERMAN and Wm. F. Lyon. A book replete with spiritual truths. Price \$1.00.
- GIORDANO BRUNO. HIS LIFE, WORKS,** worth, martyrdom, portrait and monument. Compiled from Freethinkers Magazine. Excellent for reference. Price 15 cents.
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- THREE SEVENS, 7-7-7.** BY THE PHE- lions; the Jewell, seen and unseen, are banded against the circulation of this book, because they are afraid they will lose their monopoly of the secret knowledge they have held so long. In Three Sevens, this knowledge is offered to the people. Buy it, read it carefully, and see why the Jewellists hate it. Price \$1.25.
- CHURCH TAXATION; AN INQUIRY WHY** church property should escape its share of the tax burden of the country. Price 5 cents.
- CHURCH AND STATE: A STRONG ARGU-** ment against that cherished dream of bigots, a union of the secular and the divine, for the purpose of chaining belief and free thought. Price 5 cents.
- EVOLUTION OF THE DEVIL.** BY HENRY FRANK. A history of the building of his Satanic majesty by terror-stricken mortals. Price 25 cents.
- LECTURE ON THE MORALITY OF DANC-** ing. By M. A. Collins, in reply to a challenge by Sam Jones. Price 10 cents.
- SPIRITUAL SONGS.** BY MATTIE E. HULL. Thirty-one in number; most admirably adapted for meetings and circles. Printed in pamphlet form, 32 mo. Price 10 cents.
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- PHILOSOPHY OF SPIRITUAL INTER-** course. By Andrew Jackson Davis. A rare work. It possesses great merit. Price \$1.25.

Scintillations Over a Long Journey.

TO THE EDITOR:—My last communication was written from the golden state of California. Golden is an adjective which applies for more reasons than one. There are few countries on earth where the glorious orb of day sheds his yellow beams with such luxuriant prodigality as upon this favored state. Yet despite the constancy of his attentions they seldom become too fervent for comfort, tempered as they are by Neptune's breezes on the one hand, and mountain airs on the other.

Lovely California, to me you have ever seemed more like a dream than a reality. A land on which nature has lavished her most priceless wealth; a land "Where every prospect pleases, and only man is vile."

I am under a great temptation to moralize at length upon the gross and unjust misapplication and misappropriation of the vast natural resources of this wonderful country, but that would be foreign to the objects of this letter, which is simply to report the condition of our beloved cause as I found it in my journeyings.

After some six or seven weeks spent in San Francisco and vicinity, renewing old associations and enjoying the climate in company with my eldest daughter, I journeyed northward to the new and thriving state of Washington, to fill lecture engagements at Seattle and other points on Puget Sound.

Although the development of the entire West in the last few years has been prodigious, nothing that I have seen elsewhere—with the possible exception of Denver, Colorado—can compare with the phenomenal growth of the Sound cities. When I visited Seattle fifteen years ago, it was a little saw-mill town of perhaps 3,000 people, with crooked streets lined with straggling wooden buildings. To-day it is a city of 57,000 souls, and is one of the most substantially-built towns you will find anywhere, containing many buildings hard to be surpassed in Chicago or New York. And the marvel of it is that the bulk of this growth has been made since the fire which nearly destroyed the old town some three or four years ago. I found many Spiritualists in this thriving city, and my meetings were all fairly attended, some of them crowded. Here, as in so many other places, however, I find that great weakener to our cause, internal discord and division of forces and action. While many are lukewarm in the work, there are also many who bravely hold the lamp of truth aloft at all times and under all circumstances. Judge Gaston, gentle, kindly but firm and steadfast in the cause he loves, stands at the head of the faithful, while Mr. W. Van Waters and Mr. Henry Carter, with their excellent wives, strive to hold up his hands.

Mrs. Cornelius, an excellent woman and good medium, has been conducting independent meetings for a number of months with marked success. Here, as elsewhere, THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER outstrips all other Spiritual papers in circulation and popularity. Owing to the prevalence of small-pox and the consequent establishment of quarantine against Victoria, B. C., I was, much to my regret, compelled to forego my visit to that place, and so missed a reunion of many former friendships and a glimpse of scenes where some of the happiest weeks of my life were spent in the years ago.

Failure to reach Victoria compelled me to cut my visit to the north short of its intended limit. On my return to San Francisco I spent a day in Portland, Oregon, and called upon my old friend Col. C. A. Reed, as staunch a Spiritualist and as honest a man as ever trod this footstool. I also met that able man and convincing speaker, Prof. Lockwood, who, with his devoted wife, had just begun a season of labor which promised good fruit. I met also Mr. W. E. Jones, of Alder street, whose fine assortment of Liberal, Spiritual and Progressive publications deserves far more attention and patronage than it receives.

After a couple weeks spent with my children in San Francisco, I bade good-bye to California with many regrets, and set my face eastward to fulfill my public duties and engagements. The return trip was made via Central Pacific R. R. to Ogden, Rio Grande R. R. to Colorado Springs and Denver, thence via Union and Missouri Pacific to St. Louis. I delivered one lecture in Ogden to a small audience. There are quite a number of Spiritualists in that city, but they need a thorough stirring up. The notice of the meeting was too short and obscure to secure a good attendance. Bro. John A. Jost is the faithful old pioneer of our cause in Ogden.

The route to Colorado Springs lies through some of the finest scenery I have ever witnessed in all my wide wanderings. The Black Canon, Marshall Pass and Royal Gorge must be seen to be appreciated.

At Colorado Springs I was entertained by Mr. W. H. Lloyd, who, with his hospitable wife, made me stay so enjoyable that their niche in my heart will never be empty.

A visit to the Garden of the Gods was interesting but disappointing. There is but one apparent reason for the title bestowed upon it, which is that it is not a garden, but is composed of very picturesque rocks and unpicturesque sand. The gods never did make successful gardeners. Eden was not the only failure.

A trip to the summit of Pike's Peak was an experience never to be forgotten. A very few years ago the ascent of that noted landmark was a formidable undertaking, and made with donkeys and horses, it occupied the better part of two days, with the possibility of being lost in a snowstorm on the way; but now one can make the round trip in less than five hours, comfortably seated in an upholstered railroad car. What will not the ingenuity of man and his thirst for shekels accomplish? In view of his many achievements at that line a railroad to the moon would seem a dim possibility in the future. It was a warm August day when our train left the base of the mountain, but bleak December held sway on the summit, and overcoats and shawls were congenial companions. The view from the peak is simply indescribable, though it has often been at-

tempted by more graphic pens than mine. The panorama of snow-capped mountains and verdant valleys, of fleecy clouds and azure skies, of vast plains spread out beneath like an ocean, form a picture never to be erased from one's memory.

At Colorado Springs I listened to Mrs. Jeanette Crawford's farewell lecture before the society to which she has ministered so ably and acceptably for many months. In addition to being a fine speaker, she is a most accomplished musician and estimable and agreeable lady, and will be greatly missed by the many friends she has made in the city.

On September 4th I began a month's service with the society in St. Louis, and despite the fact that it is the opening month, and always a dull one, my audiences have been large and interested, occasionally packing the hall. This society has some most estimable people and devoted workers in its ranks. M. S. Beckwith, its president, is a sterling character and well fitted to the place. Messrs. Wiggins, Goettler, Lisle, Gould and many others are staunch and active in the work. The society has a most valuable auxiliary in the Ladies' Union, composed of nearly a hundred energetic workers, ably presided over by Mrs. Fox, a sweet-faced, refined and intellectual woman.

I cannot close this letter without reference to one who has been one of the mainstays of the Society and the cause of Spiritualism in this city. I refer to ex-mayor and present city auditor, Capt. Jos. Brown. Capt. Brown is that anomaly in this age—an honest politician, sturdy, straightforward, keen as a briar, and a hater of sham and shoddy. A most thorough and devoted Spiritualist, he never hides his light under a bushel, and is a standing evidence to the fact that an honest, brave man will command respect and even popularity, however unpopular his religious sentiments may be. I am told that Mayor Brown's administration was admitted by all to have been the purest and "squarest" ever known in St. Louis.

It is reported *sub rosa* that an effort is being made to prevail upon him to accept a nomination for the same office at the coming election, in which case his success is assured, as he would, though a staunch Democrat, receive the votes of thousands without regard to politics, who realize what a vast improvement his would be over the present disgraceful administration. W. F. PECK.

The Demand for More Singing.

TO THE EDITOR:—Whenever A., of Michigan, and B., of Maine, simultaneously send in an article upon a subject, both of which have nearly the same subject-matter therein, you would naturally conclude that thought-waves were beginning to vibrate by some unseen power that seemingly has one object in view, and you would become more impressed with the signs of the times if the entire alphabet was represented by similar articles from as many states.

I note with much pleasure the growing demand for more and better vocal music, and have read with interest the many articles written by different parties with regard to a "New Singing Book," some of which show more zeal than knowledge of the subject.

Mr. Jacobs has voiced the sentiments expressed by me a thousand times since the commencement of my nine years' experience in conducting spiritual meetings; no doubt Mr. Jacobs is as much amused as myself to note the impracticable ideas of some advisers in this matter. One would have "some good old tunes familiar to all, and a few catchy melodies therein." Another would have nothing suggestive of the church; another gives us directions as follows: "The book should be about 6-12 by 9-12. The notes should be large, and written upon four staves, each part of music on a staff to itself. The book should contain a complete elementary department, and everything made plain and easy. If such a book is gotten up at the price Mr. Jacobs suggests, I will take one." It is very evident that the last gentleman is a novice in book publishing. It would take, besides a great many weeks of careful searching among other music books for melodies, a great deal of talent for the composing of both words and music suitable, which would consume months of time. Each melody used by the compiler that was borrowed from others must be paid for, as a patentee must be paid his royalty. The writers are not going to write either words or music for nothing. There are but few poets who can write words to be sung by a congregation or quartette of singers.

After this herculean task is accomplished the printer must get in his turn, and the electrotypes, at the price of \$2.50 per page, or more, must come in for consideration, besides the stock and binding, all of which could not be produced for less than one thousand dollars; and the compiler and author has the assurance that he has one customer at fifty cents.

Mr. Editor, that is a flattering outlook! Let us go into the music business. I have made a commencement by publishing the "Spiritual Evangelist," which contains some forty numbers; a few new melodies have been introduced. The melodies employed are to be found in the "Consolidated Gospel Hymns," and the public at large sing these readily, because they are familiar but not stale. This little book can be had for 15 cents, \$10 per hundred. G. F. PERKINS.

"Spiritual Songs," by Mattie E. Hull; thirty-one in number; most admirably adapted for meetings and circles. Printed in pamphlet form, 32 mo. Price 10 cents each. For sale at this office.

"Antiquity Unveiled," communications from ancient spirits. Apollonius of Tyana, the Jesus of Nazareth, St. Paul and John, the revelators of the Christian Scriptures, return to earth as a spirit, and explain the mysteries that have concealed the theological deception of the Christian hierarchy. 608 pages. A very valuable book. Price, \$1.50; postage, 12 cents.



Brother Jonathan's Suggestive Talk to Our Readers.

BROTHER JONATHAN:—Yes, there is a menace like a grim skeleton hanging over this country. As B. L. Whiteman says, this consists in an attempt at dictation from behind the seas. Ultra-Montanism has become more than a name to us. The extreme views of papal authority, and so of papal domination, are well known. The application of those views bids to make trouble for us in America. The proposal to introduce a papal nuncio into our republic; the residence among us of a cardinal, who is a foreign prince, bound to a foreign court by obligations which no American has a right to assume; the going to and fro of ecclesiastics to consult an alien potentate on domestic questions; the attempt to prescribe for our citizens what they may or may not do under such and such circumstances; the establishment of a university under the authority of the pope in our national capital; the ever-bolder encroachment on our public schools. What do these things mean? The experience of cities along our Atlantic seaboard, the recent revolts in municipal affairs showing that, at least in Boston, you know what to do with orders from Italy. The protest is a recognition of the danger, and what is the danger recognized in municipal affairs but the local expression of a larger peril? We are not

ignorant of the devices used to blind men to the real issue. We are not deceived by the representation that the leopard has changed his spots. The ancients furnish us several suggestive proverbs. Virgil makes Laocoon say: "I fear the Greeks even bearing gifts." Horace says: "We tread on fires covered by deceitful ashes." Plautus says: "He carries a stone in one hand and offers bread with the other." Ovid says: "Deadly poisons are concealed in sweetest honey." Let each make the application he thinks best. Already there is an element in our national life that will not see any public interest but Roman Catholic interest. In matters that concern America a man is either an American or he is not. Let him be a papist in his religion if he will, but let him be done, once for all, with the heresy that an American citizen can be a papist in politics.

But while I admonish the people in regard to the encroachments of the Romish Octopus, giving nothing but absolute facts, and while its devilishness is in the very atmosphere, so there is something good, something grand, something soul-elevating pulsating in the air also, and I think THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER man will catch on to it for his Fall and Winter Campaign. Every free-thinker should take his paper, or be left sadly in the rear.

A Haven of Rest.

Good morning, Mr. Editor. I knock for admission to this larger circle of friends, brothers and sisters, that I may tell them something of the Spiritual work being done in our own home nest, and to extend an invitation to all those who are hungry for spiritual food and needeth rest.

Four weeks ago we opened our home for missionary work, feeling that we might need the garden roundabout, and plant roses where now naught but weeds flourished. Professor and Mrs. Perkins, with their wonder of gifts of the spirit, first entered this garden, and the buds of hope are already appearing on the plants placed therein by their loving hands. We cannot express in a few words our appreciation of these honest workers, and the only thought that reconciles us to their departure is the knowledge that many new hearts will be made glad with their presence.

The mantle which they so graciously wore fell with perfect fitness upon the shoulders of Mrs. Gussie Wolf, whose wonderfully magnetic presence is a joy to all who work with her. With her clairvoyant vision many friends have proven their identity, and have delivered messages so convincing that skeptics pause and wonder, and return week after week hungry for more.

And now comes Mrs. McFarlin, of Winona, Minn. How vain are words to express the joy and gratitude we must ever feel towards her and her lovely band of influences, the "Sacred Seven," each one perfect in its own individuality. One must meet them to appreciate them fully—Nightingale, Patience, Joy, Helio, beautiful Sunlight, Dr. Rhodes, and many others. All I can say, friends, is just this: If you have never visited Paradise and held communion with the angels, then come up to our little circle some Wednesday evening, and receive a baptism of the Holy Ghost. MRS. G. P. MCINTYRE.

4005 Washington Boulevard.

A Pertinent Question.

TO THE EDITOR:—The 24th ult. the First M. E. Church, of Flint, Michigan, took fire and was entirely consumed; the structure cost \$30,000, the organ \$2,800. Now I would like to ask some of our Christian friends why God let his house burn up? Why didn't he show his hand and come to the rescue? WILL J. POST.

"Standing Up for Jesus," or what the editor of the *Free Thinkers' Magazine* thinks of him. Price, 4 cents; twenty-five copies for 50 cents. For sale at this office.

"Ingersoll's Great Address on Thomas Paine," at the late Paine celebration in New York City. Price, 6 cents; ten copies for 50 cents. For sale at this office.

A Note to the Friends of Margaret Fox-Kane.

TO THE EDITOR:—I have received for the benefit of Mrs. Margaret Fox-Kane, from August 1, 1891, to October 3, 1892, the amount of \$341.05. Amount expended to date, \$331.65. A part of the above was sent to Mr. F. F. Cook, a part to Mrs. Mary A. Newton, and a part to my address. As I was the best situated to attend to the expenditure, it was handed me for that purpose. Other amounts have been sent to Mr. H. J. Newton, the expenditure of which has been attended to by Mrs. Newton. Owing to their late bereavement by the translation of their beautiful and accomplished daughter, May E., about 24 years of age, which occurred on the 19th ult., they have not felt like making a report, but probably will do so before long. There are only \$10 in the hands of the committee, and more will soon be required. Since the death of her youngest sister, Mrs. Kate Fox-Jencken, in July last, Mrs. Kane has been very ill. She has now recovered, and is ambitious to do for herself. Sunday, the 2d inst., she was at Carnegie Music Hall—afternoon meeting. Spirit friends rapped and gave tests as freely as ever.

Now that Mrs. Kane is the last of these distinguished Fox sisters, it does seem to me that it is the plain duty of Spiritualists to see that her necessary wants are supplied during the remainder of her earth-life. I hope that those willing contributors of last year have been successful in business, and are better prepared to contribute for the next year; and Spiritualists who were unable or unwilling to contribute last year have become both able and willing to add their mite now. It shall be judiciously expended, and if more is sent than is required for Mrs. Kane, the balance will be used to purchase a plot in Greenwood Cemetery for the remains of her sister, the late Mrs. Kate Fox-Jencken, whose remains are now in a vault at Greenwood.

TITUS MERRITT, 319 W. 54th st.
MR. F. F. COOK, 79 Fourth ave.
MR. HENRY J. NEWTON, 128 W. 43d st.
New York, Oct. 3.

"The Teachings of Jesus not Adapted to Modern Civilization, with the True Character of Mary Magdalene." By Geo. W. Brown, M. D. Price, 15 cents. For sale at this office.

"The Religion of Man," by E. D. Babbitt, M. D. This is a most excellent work, replete with suggestive thoughts, and calculated to interest and instruct. Price, \$1.25; postage, 10 cents. By Edith Willis Linn, the gifted daughter of Dr. F. L. H. Willis the well known lecturer. This charming little volume is for sale at this office. Price \$1.00.

The whole world pays tribute to the merits of "Garland" Stoves and Ranges.

Ministering Spirit, Come!

That step down the heavenly aisle,
We know, we know the voice, the smile;
Our eyes, our lips, our hearts respond,
And yield to sweet affection's bond.

Hark! the old familiar sound—
The dead alive! The lost one found!
'Tis holy joy! No guilty dread
Should bar communion with the dead.

Then, ministering spirit, come
Again; call this dear spot thy home;
Cause every cloud to disappear,
And may all know that thou art here.

Ah! at the circle doubts depart,
And spirit forms rejoice the heart,
Their looks are love, their motions grace,
Their light illumines our joyful face.

And soon with them we'll land secure,
Celestial beams our souls allure;
Gently break, oh, heavenly morn,
When in that spirit home we're borne.
—E. D. SHAFF.

The Bangs Sisters in St. Louis.

TO THE EDITOR:—The good work done by these mediums, in a quiet and unassuming way, in this city, deserves a most cordial commendation. While in common with other Spiritual mediums, their genuineness has been questioned, and their honesty assailed many times in the past, I have not during my month's stay in St. Louis heard anything but praise and kind words for them. Their private sittings, as testified to by many careful investigators, were of the most convincing character, some of them being fairly dumbfounding in their completeness. One instance, that of a level-headed and skeptical business man from New York, caused a complete revolution in the mental state and beliefs of the sitter. The prominence of the gentleman and regard for the possible effects upon his business relations prevents a full relation of the circumstances. The mediums followed two of my lectures with manifestations of their peculiar powers in the presence of a crowded audience. In the bright glare of the electric lights, seated at a table in the company of two skeptics from the audience, with slates which had not even been seen by the mediums, and which were held constantly by the committee, and in plain view of every member of the assemblage, clear and intelligent messages were written on the slates and drawings of flowers were made that would have required hours to produce under ordinary circumstances. The possibility of fraud seemed, under the circumstances, to be absolutely eliminated. The modest bearing of the ladies, and their perfect willingness to permit any reasonable test, made a very favorable impression upon the audience. W. F. PECK.

The Proposed Psychical Society.

TO THE EDITOR:—I was interested in the able article of Prof. Buchanan's, showing the good of the Psychical Congress to the cause of Spiritualism, as well as to the members themselves. This was all conceded in the original article, entitled "World's Fair Spiritualism." The essential points therein considered were the propriety of a few persons newly arrived in our ranks, with many others not yet having the backbone to be known as Spiritualists, assuming at such a time and place the representation of this important subject, while those long identified with it by names inseparably connected, and who are most truly its representatives, are ignored. Also, Spiritualism being based on fact, whether the members of any body known as scientific, any more than those known as religious, are more capable of proving this truth than the average intelligence and native common sense of the people at large.

While the changed conditions which make Prof. Elliot Cones, whose fairness and ability is fully recognized, the leader of this body, gives promise of results not otherwise attainable; yet the above objections remain the same, untouched by all that Prof. Buchanan has so well expressed, and I think all must at least inwardly protest against any scientific or religious body assuming the responsibility of representing this great revelation of the nineteenth century, known as Spiritualism.

H. W. BOOZER.

Grand Rapids, Mich.

Col. Bundy Apologizes.

TO THE EDITOR:—I would like to report a materializing séance held on Sunday, September 25th, at Denver, Colorado, by Mrs. E. A. Wells-Bedell, under strict test conditions. The cabinet was made eight feet long and three feet wide, a solid partition in the center, with two openings in front.

There were fourteen persons in the circle. Mrs. Bedell took her seat in the right-hand end of the cabinet. When the circle was formed, and the lights were turned down, and a song sung, a spirit stepped out of the cabinet and communed with his friend, and one after another came until seventeen in all came out in materialized forms. Among the number was John C. Bundy, late editor of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, of Chicago. Capt. Wingate stepped to the cabinet and talked with him. The Captain was acquainted with him in earth-life, and is certain it was Mr. Bundy. Mr. Bundy said he came to apologize to Mrs. E. A. Wells for the way he persecuted her when he was in earth-life. He also said he hoped other mediums would forgive him. He sees things now as they are. He seems to be trying to undo what he did while in earth-life. My daughter, Mattie, who passed to spirit-life in January, 1874, at the age of four and a half years, materialized and talked with her mother and I. She is now twenty-two years old, and comes as full-grown woman, which she is.

C. P. PERRY, M. D.

"The Spiritual Evangelist," a new song book, full of catchy melodies and appropriate hymns, for Spiritual meetings and circles. By G. F. Perkins. For sale at this office. Societies and conductors of meetings should order a hundred copies at once. \$10 per hundred; \$6 for 50 copies. 15 cents single number.

